

# Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 6, 1967 60 CENTS

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the  
Double-clutch Shuffle



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Prudential understands

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## Next week

**ERNE OR ALI?** When the real heavyweight champ stands up in Houston, Tex. Mike will be there to report the strategy, tactics—and perhaps the psychological warfare—of the victor.

**SAN FRANCISCO'S** new idol and the new scoring champion of pro basketball is slim, handsome Rick Barry, only 22 years old but showing all the poise and perceptiveness of maturity.

**FROSTBITE SAILING** is an exercise in disciplined masochism that becomes more popular every year. Arnie Francis Golden puts on his long johns to patrol the treacherous—and his fans.

# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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It was five years ago that we made what we considered a rather daring move and hired as the author of our regular golf instruction series a neophyte professional named Jack Nicklaus. It was not that we doubted that he would become a great professional golfer—we didn't—but there was no way to assure our readers that the 22-year-old, two-time Amateur champion was a man worth listening to when he talked about a golf swing. Artist Francis Golden was assigned to illustrate the lessons, and Nicklaus began his career as a professional writer at the same tournament in which he first played as a professional golfer, the 1962 Los Angeles Open. On that occasion, in fact, his achievement as a writer (*How to Cope with and Win*) exceeded his success as a golfer—he finished 50th and earned \$33.33 in prize money.

So it was with some extra pleasure last week that we watched our home pro win his 21st tour tournament, the Crosby Pro-Am, and it is with pleasure, too, on this anniversary of his original contract, that we offer on page 48 of this issue the 96th of his instructional columns.

Nicklaus has proved to be as exacting with his golf instruction as he is

with his play, and as eager as any writer to defend his choice of words when questioned by our editors, or by golfers. One result of his thoroughness is instruction that has obviously been meaningful to our readers (and some other ones, too). A book of the tips, *My 55 Ways to Lower Your Golf Score*, has sold more than 80,000 copies and is available in three languages.

"I am always surprised about the number of people at tournaments who talk to me about the tips," says Nicklaus. "They will watch me hit a difficult shot, perhaps, and then say, 'Hey, that's just the way you played that in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.' They seem to enjoy recognizing exactly what they have read. Sometimes, however, they will say, 'That's not the way you taught it.' Then I have to stop and explain that this particular situation was a different one than the one I wrote about. I get a big kick out of it."

We were delighted to learn from Nicklaus last week that he has gotten more than a kick out of some of the major articles he has written for us—a Masters preview, two U.S. Open previews and several other reflective articles on victory and defeat. They have actually helped his own game.

"I have found that when I do a preview of a course I am forced to focus my thinking on the problems that I have to face," he says. "I know, for example, that this has been particularly true of the Masters. In preparing my preview of that tournament, I went over the course in more detail than I ever had or would have just playing practice rounds. It may not be a coincidence that I set the tournament record there. When you put thoughts on paper you remember them better."

We will continue to get the thoughts of Jack Nicklaus—on paper—and feel certain that not only will he remember them but that our golfing readers will, too.



Nicklaus poses for photograph from which a 1962 instructional drawing was made.

*Garry Falk*

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# SCORECARD

## NOTES AND BEANS IN ALABAMA

A few weeks ago, when it appeared that tickets for the New York State lottery might be sold by vending machines, we took exception to the suggestion that the machines should be put in such decorous joints as subway platforms, rather than in bars "where every drunk can operate the machine." Now that the machines are out altogether the lottery tickets probably will be sold by banks—Governor Rockefeller feels that determining the winners by means of a horse race (or races), as has been proposed, might not be such a seemingly idea, either. "I prefer the fiddlow method," he said last week. "You don't get involved with the tracks. . . . Having an honest lottery that doesn't get involved with corruption is of overriding importance."

Assembly Speaker Anthony J. Travia disagreed. Horse races were O.K. by him. But, he said, "I am reluctant to use harness racing. That would make me feel squeamish. I prefer the flats."

Of course, as far as we know, neither Rockefeller nor Travia breathed a word about abolishing or cleaning up the infamous sports, which last year provided the state with \$74,124,441 (flats) and \$67,771,137 (trots) in tainted money.

May we suggest an alternative that strikes us as being incorruptible? Why not base the winning tickets on the figures of the vote for such offices as governor and assemblyman?

## A LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU

Forty million Frenchmen can't be wrong. Ah, but last week in Paris the birth of the 50 millionth Frenchman was announced, which means that 10 million can. And at least one of them is—the *général* who drew a map of Europe for the 1968 Winter Olympic Committee.

With nothing but a few boundary lines, the mapmaker demonstrated once more the truth of the French adages that 1) France is always one war behind time and 2) the French know nothing about geography. Published in a slick

French-English-German Olympic Committee booklet, the map shows Poland minus all the territory east of the Oder-Neisse line, which she recovered from Germany after World War II, and grants independence to Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, Soviet republics since 1940. In a word, the Olympic Committee's map, the center of which is, *unwillehmig*, Grenoble, pictures Europe as it was in 1938.

## A BEAUTIFUL RED

One day last week, when most New Yorkers were enjoying unseasonable 67° weather, Johnny (Ice Cube) Sineno called Vic (Doc) Boff at his place of business, Victor Boff Nutritional Aids, the oldest health-food store in New York. "I'm sick," Ice Cube said. "I'm disgusted." Boff, in turn, allowed that the weather was so terrible he was thinking of going home and taking a cold shower of "15 minutes duration."

Boff and Sineno belong to the Iceberg Athletic Club, whose 23 members like to go swimming at Coney Island around this time of year. "Our season starts November 15 and ends in May or June," Boff says. "But in recent years it's been hard to get members. Basically, fellows don't go for real cold water anymore." Boff, 51, a onetime professional strong man who pulled cars with his teeth or hair, says he has swum for as long as 20 minutes in 32° water 40 minutes in 42° water.

"I haven't had a cold since 1952," he says. "I don't think there's any activity that compares healthfully. In 40° and under you turn a beautiful red color. You're circulating! You're bathing away mental trouble! You're relieving depression! It's like the River Jordan. All the guys in my club are happy guys, congenial guys. But if you turn white or purple, it's not for you."

Recently, Doc, Ice Cube and Chief Running Horse have taken to swimming at night. "It's colder," says Boff. "The water's rougher. The light from the stars

and moon radiates down." The Chief is a retired cop who was born Edward Sorocki and lets on that he is a Cherokee Indian. For the past few years he has, been 67, which he says is his "favorite age." The Chief also says he is the world-champion blood donor. "He's given 287 official pints," says Boff. In cold blood, presumably.

## O TEMPORA! O MORES!

There were 14,838 customers at the Emile Griffith-Joej Archer fight in Madison Square Garden last week, which was two too many. The two who should have been run out or put in a cage (but, as one spectator said, "What are you going to feed them?") were Griffith's cousin Bernard and the guy who was with him at ringside. The way these 30-30s watch a fight is standing up, screaming and making obscene gestures at the Archer supporters in the galleries. There's no reason why 14,836 fight fans have to put up with two boors. If the Garden speculists don't have the guts to throw them out, the athletic commission ought to get some city cops in there who do.

## NOTHING TO IT

The University of Kentucky basketball team may be tied for sixth place in the Southeastern Conference with a 2 and 5 record, but all's not lost. According to,



the latest SEC statistics, Kentucky leads the conference in "defense against free throws" with 70.2%, its opposition having made only 255 of 363 foul shots.

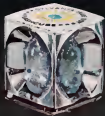
## SON OF ELEPHANT JOKE (CONT.)

The good ship *Eugene Lykes* docked in New Orleans the other day, with 18 baby African elephants aboard; and 358





**What does this new telephone have in common...**



**...with a Blue Dot Flashcube? And a Flashcube...**



**...with satellite communications? Or satellite communications...**



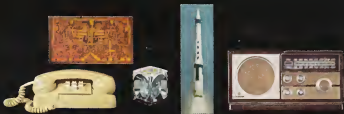
**...with brighter color TV? Brighter color TV..**



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#### SCORECARD *continued*

miles away in Houston, the John McCombs, *perre* and *fil*, heaved a sigh of relief. The elephants weren't theirs, after all. As we related three weeks ago, the McCombs had been informed that the 18 elephants they had ordered were en route—only they didn't know anything about any 18 elephants.

In fact, the elephants belong to Arthur Jones of New Orleans, a part-time film director and full-time animal lover, who shot them from a helicopter with a tranquilizing drug, in South Africa's Kruger National Park; there, as in other African preserves, there are more elephants than the land can support.

But the McCombs had best beware. Sen of 1 elephant joke himself, Jones intends to stock the 18 elephants on a game preserve near Los Angeles, and if they thrive, bring back 112 more.

#### RIP BOP

Several weeks ago, in his obituary here, Donald Campbell was referred to as "a sort of *Bo's Own Paper* hero [who] should have lived in the '20s and '30s." This month, after a run of 88 years, the *Bo's Own Paper* went to its reward, too.

The lead article in the first issue dated Jan. 18, 1879, price one penny, was entitled "My First Football Match," and was signed "an old Boy." When informed by the captain of his school team that he had been chosen to play, the author recalled, "I could have knighthood him on the spot. To be one of the picked '15', whose glory it was to fight the battles of their school in the great close, had been the leading ambition of my life." Although its literary quality improved somewhat, the tone of the BOP was established forever.

Started by the Religious Tract Society to combat the influence of the "penny dreadfuls," the BOP believed that the road to manhood and the answer to most youthful yearning was to be found in tubs of ice-cold water. It extolled patriotism, puritanism and oatmeal porridge, and created a heroic type of which Campbell and Jo Grimond—who recently retired as leader of the Liberal Party and who has been described as "tall and athletic, noble of profile, gifted with the voice beautiful"—were the ideal. At its height, in the 1890s, the BOP had a circulation of 190,000, and both King George V and Stanley Baldwin confessed it helped mold their character. Articles on sport appeared regularly.

The original issue also contained a piece by Captain Webb, the first to swim the English Channel, who revealed that he had been a teetotaler ever since one of his previous swims had been nearly ruined when someone gave him brandy. Other early contributors were Dr. W. G. Grace, the greatest cricketer of all time, and Edward Whymper, the first to climb the Matterhorn.

One of the most popular features in the BOP was an advice column on anything from chess to the care of alligators. A reader who inquired about the feeding of blue tits was told to give them suet, nuts and meat, while a boy who wrote to ask the cost of a one-man, one-dog expedition to the North Pole got an equally sensible reply.

But in recent years the influence of the BOP had waned and its circulation had dropped to 20,000. "Boys have less time than they did to read a magazine, and you cannot build bricks without straw," concluded Jack Cox, 51, its last editor, who valiantly fought against the tide, even going so far as to run articles on pop music.

Indeed, the cover of the final issue of the BOP, dated February 1967, price two shillings, depicts George Best, a young soccer player, who grows his hair long, is known as "El Beagle" and owns a share of a boutique.

#### 10 HOLES IN ONE (CONT.)

In Hawaii last week, Governor Burns approved construction of an 18-hole golf course inside Diamond Head crater (SI, April 25), provided a National Guard rifle range, now situated where the 8th and 9th holes would be, could be relocated. "It would be an unfair hazard for the golfer," said James Ferry, director of Hawaii's Department of Land and Natural Resources. "We want this to be a first-class operation that will attract people from all over the world. But we want to keep them healthy so they'll return."

Meanwhile, on yet another volcano, Mauna Kea (elevation 13,825 feet), on the big island of Hawaii, Richard L. Tillerson, president of the newly formed Ski Association of Hawaii, is camped out at 12,000 feet, studying the feasibility of erecting a ski lift. From January to April, two to three feet of hard-packed snow are common on Mauna Kea above 7,000 feet, where temperatures range from 35° to 38°.

# WHEN THE WORD IS

"I was surprised at the number of people interested in skiing here," Tilton said. "We have more than 80 applications for membership, and most of these people have their own skis. Some people even suggest holding special events for surfboard racing in the snow, which sounds kooky, but would certainly make this unique situation even more unique. The major problem, however, is what happens if Mauna Kea erupts."

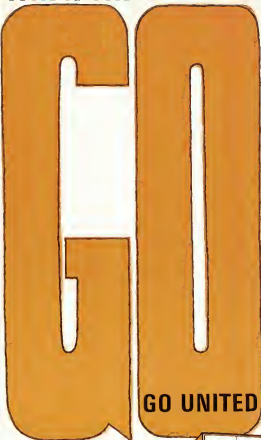
## HIGH LIFE IN THE HILLS

Coloradans being what they are (which is rug-ged), staging a simple race wasn't enough. For the first annual Snowmass-Aspen Snowmobile Regatta last weekend, drivers plunging eight steep miles down from 10,645-foot Sam's Nob were required to stop at designated spots, memorize certain signs (trade names, slogans and a five-digit number), and check in at an old cabin. When they burst through the cabin door a man in a great bear suit jumped out at them. At the bottom, the 15 snowmobiles churned across a 1½-mile flat, careened over 14 jumps, and then everybody started back up the mountain.

The regatta ended the way all Aspen events end: the contestants and more than 400 spectators got zonked at a hamburger, beer and wine bust. And when it was finally time to present winners John Crook and Bud Strong with their trophies, it turned out, naturally, that someone had accidentally driven his jeep over Bud's and smashed it.

## THEY SAID IT

- Gene Shue, coach of the last-place Baltimore Bullets: "The way we're going, we could get Wilt Chamberlain in a trade and then find out that he's really two midgets Scotch-taped together."
- Grady Hatton, Houston manager, on umpiring: "It's the only occupation I know where on the first day you must be perfect and then improve over the years."
- Alec Issigonis, designer of the Mini Cooper, which has won three of the last four Monte Carlo rallies: "I could cry, it's so ridiculous. I design a people's car, and it does mad things."
- John Edwards, Cincinnati catcher, leaving the office of Assistant General Manager Phil Seghi after salary negotiations, to Second Baseman Pete Rose: "Don't go in now, Pete, I think he's going to borrow from the next guy." **END**



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# THE LEFT THAT WAS



*Ernie Terrell's left hand was a potent weapon against Cassius Clay five years ago (above), but an older, wiser Muhammad Ali should contain it easily this Monday night* by **TEX MAULE**

**F**or a few moments on the night of February 6 in the garish surroundings of the Houston Astrodome, Muhammad Ali may seem to teeter on the edge of defeat by Ernie Terrell, the WBA champion of the boxing world who is challenging him for the real world-heavyweight title. But Terrell's dream of an undenied championship will be short-lived. Between perhaps the seventh and ninth rounds of the fight, Muhammad will knock him out.

Physically, Terrell is the most formidable opponent Ali has met since his knockout of Sonny Liston in Lewiston, Me. on May 25, 1965. Though taller than most heavyweights, he is a solid man equipped with the tools needed to fashion a victory: confidence, a long, jolting left hand, the ability to fight well and destructively inside and the capability of accepting a hard punch to the head with-

out coming apart. So much for the credible side. Unfortunately, Terrell, like so many of his predecessors, cannot hope to equal Ali in hitting speed or speed of foot. Unfortunately, too, he is a high-strung, nervous man.

"He's the scariest heavyweight I ever saw," a fight manager said not long ago. "I don't mean he's afraid. But he's so tense before a fight that when he walks down the aisle to the ring he's used up so much energy it's about the same as if he had gone six rounds already. So he runs out of gas after maybe seven rounds. Then he can't keep that long left hand up or out, and he can be hit over it. That can be a disaster against Clay."

Curiously enough, Terrell may be more confident against Clay than he has been against less formidable foes. His confidence stems from a previous experience in the ring with the champion.

Back in 1962 Terrell was a sparring partner for Clay when the latter was preparing for a bout with another heavy weight—Don Warner. Jimmy Jacobs the world four-wall handball champion who has possibly the most comprehensive collection of fight pictures in the world, filmed a few rounds of the two fighters working together in the Fifth Street Gym in Miami Beach, and the film shows that Terrell bullied Clay. Much bigger and stronger, he hit Clay often with his left and sometimes crowded Clay into a corner, where he ripped him with damaging punches to the belly.

"I wasn't the same then," Ali said in Houston recently. "What did I weigh in 1962, Angelo?"

"Eighty-six," said Angelo Dundee, his manager. "You were pretty green. You weren't the same fighter. But the pictures don't show everything



You remember you bombed him later?"

Whether Angelo's version of what happened is accurate or not, Clay did not keep Terrell around for long.

"They cut him off," says Sam Saksom, who trains Terrell. "He called me in Chicago from Miami Beach and said they cut off his hotel money and wouldn't pay him eating money, and he needed something to get home. I guess that shows how they felt about him."

Terrell has his own interpretation of his relationship to Clay—then and now. It is a good boy-office interpretation, and Terrell may even believe it. "I wasn't the same fighter then," he says. "I didn't have the left hand I have now. I couldn't hurt people with it. He was a punk then, and he's a punk now. He wasn't a complete fighter then, and he's not a complete fighter now. He's where he is because of management. They made sure he never fought a tough fighter."

"Sure, he's fought the same names I've fought, but he didn't fight the same bodies. Liston was a good fighter once, but he had to be 45 when Clay beat him. Patterson was far past his prime. Clay specializes in has-beens, old men and nothings. I fought all the tough guys when they were still tough, and every fight was life or death for me. I don't want to take anything away from him. I'm not saying all his fights were setups, but they were smart picks by his managers. No tough fights."

"He had all that money behind him, all that money for training, to get the best trainers, the best sparring partners, to keep Old Man River away from the door while he was learning his trade. I learned mine in the ring. Every time I fought, Ernie Terrell was going to war, every fight was tough competition—Amos Lincoln in 1962, Cleveland Williams when he was healthy in 1962, Zora Folley when he was 31 years old in 1963 and Cleveland Williams again. Four years ago Zora Folley was tough, and you didn't see Clay fighting him. I beat the best at their best and lots of times I was the underdog, but you didn't see nobody write about that. I'm not bitter, but the press hurt me. They took the

jingle out of a lot of my purses. Now I'm the WBA champion and that's the only champion, but I got to take the small end of the purse."

Terrell is a touchy, morose man who feels keenly the lack of attention he gets as WBA champion. He threatened to pack up and leave Houston when he discovered that the posters for the fight had Clay's name in bigger type than his and were graced with a large drawing of Clay. "I got a grandmother has more sense than to do a thing like that," he said. "Rademacher even got the same notice as Patterson when they fought, and he was just an amateur. Why would they do a thing like that?"

The fact that he is getting less money rankles, but he can justify accepting it.

"Sometimes, the best things are cheap," he says. "I got the short end, but it's still pretty good. I figure maybe half a million bucks is enough for the satisfaction of beating Clay. The nicest thing I can think of is beating Clay. All I am worried about is that he is so controversial that in a flash he can say something that would knock the light out. When I think about that, I double up with a cramp. That's how much I want him."

Terrell's belief that he can beat Muhammad Ali is based entirely on what he did against the young Clay in Miami Beach and on comparative performances against fighters like George Chuvalo and Doug Jones. In fact, there is little to choose between how badly Clay chopped up Chuvalo and how badly Terrell beat him. Admittedly, Terrell, in a lackluster victory over Jones in Houston, was a trifle more impressive than was Clay against the same man in Madison Square Garden, but for Clay that was long ago and he truly is a different man now—physically and mentally.

Riding out to his training site in Houston recently, Clay expounded on the difference—the physical difference. The mental difference is explicit in his relationship with a small coterie of Black Muslim hangers-on who surround him.

"The first time I fought Jones," he said, "I was new. I hadn't been in the ring for eight championship fights. They

*continued*



Muhammad Ali demonstrates to Trainer Angelo Dundee (top left) and Editor Maule how he will first avoid Terrell's long left jab by leaning back, then counter with a right cross over the left.

## HOW TERRELL WILL FIGHT CLAY



*"I'm the first tall man Clay has fought. Against those shorter men he could lean back to get away. But my left is too long for that. I've shown I can reach him with it and I don't have to dance on my toes, either. My left might look soft. It isn't."*



*"Clay says that he can come in over my left and get me, and some people say I'm off-balance when I throw the left. Well, we'll see. I bring my left back fast and take the right on my fist or forearm. Clay brags that he's not scared, but I'm pretty, too."*

*"I'm supposed to be a one-armed bandit, huh? Clay better not believe it. I use the right a lot in close. It's an uppercut, usually to the body but sometimes to the chin. I won't knock a man out with it, but a few rounds and he knows it's a fight."*



have made me a different man. After Terrell fought Jones in Houston, I boxed with Jones in an exhibition in Atlanta. I did like this. Tap, tap, tap. Little light left hands and right hands on the head. Tap, tap, tap. Whenever I wanted to. No trouble."

He demonstrated the tapping by rapping the dashboard of the Lincoln Continental with a left, then a right. As the radio played, he stopped to listen.

"Hey," he said. "Listen to that. Ain't that Terrell?" He listened quietly for a moment. "Yeah," he said, after a few moments. "That's Terrell." The music was rock 'n' roll or a folk song, and he tapped his fingers on the dashboard appreciatively for a while.

"He sing good," he said.

He worked out languidly, letting his spurring partners crowd him into a corner and pound him at will to the belly. Once, while Mel Turnbow, a big man, was belaboring him, he looked up at the spectators and smiled.

"I'm tired," he said. "I'm just resting." When he felt like it, he moved around the ring with all the speed and grace one has come to expect of him, and his hands—left and right—were faster than those of most middleweights.

Terrell was working out in the same place, and when Clay finished he wanted to wait long enough to create one of the scenes that have become the trademarks of his fights in the United States. When a member of his party demurred, he became truculent.

"You ain't the boss," he said irritably. "I'm the boss."

But Terrell came late, and Clay missed an opportunity to bug him.

"He starts a fight real early," Terrell said. "Before the bout is signed. Gets under your skin. Maybe that's his best talent, being a master of psychological warfare. I got nothing against him or his religion, but he's an extremist and all extremists are great at twisting things. He does it to take your mind off the fight. You don't get on national TV and say a man is Uncle Tom when you know it's a lie, but he did. He wants me to worry about what people think about me, wants to confuse the issue. But it is dangerous to be distracted. I'll just concentrate more."

Terrell has a somber face, and he thought about Clay's preflight antics with a brooding expression.

"He wants you to think about crazy

stuff," he said. "The ankle punch, the Ali shuffle, now it's the double-clutch shuffle [see cover]. That's all nonsense, but it worked against Liston and Williams and Patterson. He drove Patterson crazy with it. But me, I dig him. I understand what he is up to with that absurd nonsense."

In his suite on a day off, Clay listened with pleasure to a recording of a tune called *The Ali Shuffle* while he explained how he would beat Terrell.

"It depends on how the fight goes," he said. "Maybe I'll go right out and take him. Then maybe I'll wait a while, move around, pop, pop, hit him with the left hand, wait until I'm ready. Way I feel now, a good quick knockout is too good for him. Maybe I better punish him."

Clay is not the fresh-faced, ingenious young man who prepared with trepidation to face Liston in Miami Beach three years ago and listened to advice humbly. In his suite one of his coteries offered a suggestion and his face, grown mature and tough, became severe.

"You the boss?" he asked, angrily. "You the boss? I'm the boss."

While his new-found (and relative) independence may not make him a more ingratiating personality, it does have a definite value in the ring. Except perhaps for Karl Mildenerberger, Clay has dominated his recent opponents almost from the time he stepped through the ropes. He certainly will try to dominate Terrell. He does not always do this aggressively, as he did with Liston in their second fight when he met Sonny in the middle of the ring with a stinging right hand to the face. Against Floyd Patterson in Las Vegas, for instance, he spent the first round moving and ducking and proving that it would be impossible for Patterson to hit him. He may do the same thing with Terrell.

"Move and move and pop, pop, pop," he said. He had just come from a personal appearance at a department store, and he was nattily dressed in a dark suit, striped shirt and dark tie. He moved around the living room of the suite, jabbing with his left hand and dancing from side to side.

"He'll move from side to side against Terrell's left," said Dundee, watching him. "Give him a target that's hard to hit. Then he'll counter over the left with his right hand."

"When I get him timed," Clay said, "then he shoots the left, and I start the

right at the same time, and he can't hit as fast as I can hit. Nobody can."

Clay is, indeed, one of the best fighters in history at scoring with a right-hand counter over a left-hand lead. He probably will hit Terrell with the right-hand counter, but how much force it will carry depends upon whether he can set himself to deliver it. Punching from a flat-footed stance against Cleveland Williams, Clay was powerful. When he hits while moving and on his toes, his blows do not carry as much authority.

Dundee tends to discount the obvious advantage of Terrell's height and reach.

"They'll be the same height in the ring," he said. He was in the Fifth Street Gym in Miami Beach when he said this, and he walked over to one wall upon which a series of pencil marks climbed over six feet.

"Here's Clay," he said, reaching up to point out a mark at about the six-foot three-inch level. He called over a towering young heavyweight who was working out in the gym and had him stand with his back to the wall. He marked his height and said, "And this is about how tall Terrell is. But you look at him in the ring. He gives away his height. He doesn't fight straight up. He has a real wide stance, and that makes him maybe a couple inches shorter. Then he leans over when he jabs, and that brings his head down even farther. People who figure Clay will have trouble because he will be punching up at an opponent for the first time are wrong. In the ring, they'll be about the same."

Clay, of course, is a stand-up fighter who does not crouch even when avoiding a punch. But even if he does stand as tall as Terrell in the ring, he will be inches short of Terrell's extraordinary reach.

Terrell's strategy will be to keep Clay moving with the left hand, to crowd Clay much as he did in their sparring sessions in Miami Beach.

"You see the Mildenerberger fight?" Terrell said last week. "You see how he kept busy in the first two minutes of each round? He kept jabbing, jabbing. It wasn't important if the blows landed or not, or if they were strong. He kept tapping and touching Clay on that pretty face, and Clay couldn't handle it. He kept feeling that pity-pat in his face, and he couldn't get untracked."

"With me, he's gonna think my left glove is tied to a heavy-duty spring. It's

gonna be all over his face and his body. I can move the left around good, real good. Ask Chivalo about that. I mixed him up fine. When he got his right up to protect his face, I went under it to his body with the left and you could hear him holler 'Oof!' I'll do that to Clay."

Terrell is confident that Clay will not be able to reach him.

"I'm six six and he's six three," he says. "I got longer arms, and I use them for an advantage. You talk about styles? He's made to order for me, and mine is the worst possible for him. He's good at pulling back from a punch, but I don't throw just one. I come in with a double and triple jab. Maybe the first won't land, but the second or third will when he runs out of the ring. And I'm apt to hook off the jab in mid-stream, too."

He stood up and turned sideways, left arm extended, in his fighting stance.

"You take a book of matches," he said. "Stand it up facing you and flick at it with your finger and you gonna hit 10 out of 10 times. Now you turn the edge toward you and try again, and it ain't that easy to hit. That's the kind of target I am. I'm edge on to Clay, I'm like a tall, skinny pencil he can't hit. I'm not tailored for him to beat like Liston or Williams or Patterson. He calls me a one-armed bandit and a graffe and thangs, and I'll go along with him if it builds a pile of money. But when we fight, he's gonna have to take it for the first time—I'll be hitting him from outside his range to hit back, and I'll tie him up in close. That side-to-side move don't bother me—I've had that before. Chivalo got to Clay, and if he can do it I'll do it easy."

If Terrell is as confident as he seems, he'll probably come out hard, jabbing Clay and keeping him off balance for the first few rounds. He has trained very hard for this fight, running twice as much as usual, so he may keep his strength for a longer time. If he can reach Clay consistently with his pistonlike jabs, he has at least a chance. If Clay dances safely out of range on the periphery of Terrell's attack, then he will win in the middle rounds when he has timed his counters to Terrell's hand speed.

Terrell is a pleasant, soft-spoken and gentle man, and he would make an admirable champion. He is, you might say, a prince among fighters. Unfortunately, he is fighting the king.

Good night, sweet prince.

END

# NEXT YEAR'S STARS ARE HERE

*Stirring more interest at some colleges than the varsity, basketball's freshmen teams include some unusually able players. One is a champion beton-twirler, another is called 'Houdini with the ball'* **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**



*Displaying his twirling skill or taking off on a prolonged graceful glide toward the basket, Calvin Murphy is the big little man at Niagara.*

**A**t Niagara University, the young man at the left is beginning to compete with the Falls themselves as a spectator attraction. His name is Calvin Murphy; locally, to those inclined to the cliche, it is "Million Moves Murphy." Others, preferring ultimate terms, use "Murph, King of the Earth." He is a freshman basketball player at Niagara and, at 5'10", a twig in a game of trees. He is also the most spectacular new collegian in the country. Appreciative thousands come to see him play and then yawn through the varsity games that follow.

Calvin does not have a million moves and he is not king of quite all that. But with a basketball in his hands, he is royalty. His scoring average is 52 points a game and speed is his forte. The shooting touch that has destroyed all Niagara records comes into play when he stops dead after a swift dart upcourt and jumps, or at the end of a graceful float that lasts and lasts through some deceptive body shifts. In one freshman game he shot 31 for 50; in another 21 for 35. Double- and triple-teamed, inches smaller than his defenders, Calvin gets his points. And he knows what to do—and can do it—on those rare occasions when he is trapped. The night that he scored 52 points he had seven assists and would have had five more if teammates had not missed layups. The night he scored 66 he had six assists. A few observers, perhaps in an effort to conceal their awe, criticize Calvin's ability to move without the ball and the number of times he shoots. But there is no question that he will make Niagara a genuine eastern power next year and could very well lead the country in scoring.

Despite all his local popularity and the publicity surrounding his career at Norwalk High School in Connecticut, Calvin has yet to experience the kind of pressure he will bear as a varsity player of marked brilliance. But he seems able to withstand it, as he has overcome the handicap of his size. He twirls a baton with the same *élan* and imagination he displays on a basketball court. In 1965 he placed second in World's Fair national competition, and he put on a show with flaming batons last season at Buffalo Bills home games.

Murphy is one of a bountiful influx

*continued*



*Princeton's leadership of the trios will be continued by John Hamner and Jeff Petrie.*

*Nebraska's challenge to Kansas in the Big Eight is enhanced by rangy Tom Seanlebury.*





*Adolph Rupp studies the moves of Dan Issel (left) as he works against Mike Casey. The Baron will postpone retirement to watch them play.*



*Charlie Scott—in class (right) at North Carolina, which he chose over Duke and Davidson—is capable of playing any position on the court.*

of newcomers that has come along, happily, in a year when there are few outstanding seniors on campus. In Baton Rouge, some 1,400 miles from the snowy Niagara frontier, Pete Maravich has inspired a local lover of both magic and the simile to write, "better hands than Houdini, more tracks than Blackstone." Pete is 6'4", has a 39-point average while earning as many as 18 assists in a single game, and his father is one of the best teachers in college basketball. Luckily, Press Maravich coaches the LSU varsity; he and Pete should make the Tigers SEC contenders for the first time since the days of Bob Pettit.

At North Carolina and at Vanderbilt, Charlie Scott and Perry Wallace will be the first Negroes to play varsity basketball. Scott, a 6'5" New Yorker who prepped not far from Chapel Hill at Laurinburg Institute, makes every game an adventure. As deft with a pass as many top pros, Scott's enthusiasm tends toward the reckless in some aspects of the game. In one scrimmage he outplayed all of Carolina's current varsity stars and scored 33 points. If his natural effervescence can be channeled, he will be the best ever to represent a school

that already boasts a full court of All-Americans. Wallace is to the rebound what Scott is to the pass. Also 6'5", he is averaging 22 a game and picked off 59 in a two-game tournament.

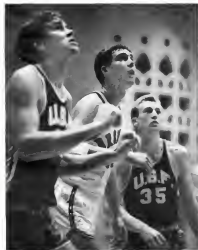
In the Big Eight, where Nebraska and Kansas are developing a hot rivalry, the play of two freshmen, 6'2" Tom Scantlebury and 6'3" Rich Bradshaw, is the talk of the conference. Scantlebury, from Chicago, is the "complete" player who does everything by instinct. In practice, he plays Kansas' Jo Jo White to a standstill, and one Big Eight coach says that Bradshaw is the best in the league right now, freshman and varsity.

The Big Ten, in a down year, eagerly awaits Rick Mount and 7-foot Chuck Bavis at Purdue, Rudy Tomjanovich at Michigan and Dale Kelley at Northwestern. The Missouri Valley anticipates that Jim Ard will keep Cincinnati at the top, and on the West Coast there is a starring at Santa Clara. Two home-grown, Dennis Awtrey, 6'9", and his roommate, Ralph Ogden, have together averaged 41 points though they have

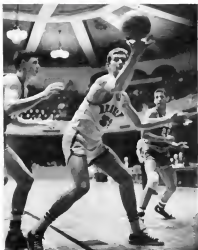
played for only short stretches in most games. California's Clarence Johnson, a high jumper who has cleared 7 feet, and Guard Doug Howard of Brigham Young also are first-rate prospects.

Kentucky's freshmen are so good that Adolph Rupp has put off retirement one more time to take a shot at that fifth national championship. Mike Casey, 6'4", and Dan Issel, 6'8", "are doing things as freshmen," says Rupp, "that we can't do on the varsity." Casey, now over some grade problems, is fast, strong, a superb shooter, ball handler and passer—the perfect playmaker for the Rupp style.

Along the same ideal lines is Jeff Petrie of Princeton, whose fluid moves to the basket are an indication of star potential. The presence of Petrie and teammate John Hummer reaffirms that Coach Bill van Breda Kolff is indeed building a basketball dynasty right there behind all that Ivy. Both are fine one-on-one players, used to individual heroics, and some older hands hint they have not yet been fitted into the Princeton "mold." But van Breda Kolff has a way of correcting such things once a man reaches the varsity. **END**



Santa Clara's Ralph Ogden (center) gets set for a rebound against USC.



His roommate, Dennis Awtrey, flicks out a long arm for a loose ball.

*For the fancier of sporting dogs, there is no more thrilling spectacle than that of a spirited springer spaniel boldly sailing in to flush and nearly grab a cackling cock pheasant from heavy cover (right). The lucky fanciers who showed up at the 20th English Springer Spaniel National Championship Stake held recently at Crab Orchard Wildlife Area in Marion, Ill. saw the best of these swinging little bird dogs and their handlers compete for three days in 10° temperatures in a demanding series of land and water tests. They also saw history made as a precocious, 18-month-old English import became the youngest dog ever to win this most notable of spaniel field trials.*

## **SPRING FOR THE FEATHERS**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANSON CARROLL

CONTINUED









*Ears flapping and tail flying, an eager springer (top left) quarters a field within gun range. Below him, a dog boldly takes to the water to retrieve a pheasant. Once it springs a*

*bird into the air, a dog must instantly "hop" (stop) and hold until sent to retrieve. A hopping springer (above) intently peers over high sedge grass to mark the fall of a pheasant.*



## WILLIE THE PRECOCIOUS UPSTART

On the last day of the National Championship, as Wivenwood Willie (left) came flying back with his last pheasant and soulfully looked up at Larry MacQueen, who trains and handles him, another professional handler in the gallery muttered: "I'd have bet anything that a young pup like that would eventually blow up under all this pressure—break on a close-shot bird or chase on a flush. But he didn't and he's a national champion long before his time." But what made Willie's performance in the National even more amazing is that when MacQueen took him off a jet from London at J.F.K. Airport on a hot August night last year the dog had never seen a pheasant.

Ever since he first began training bird dogs 45 years ago in Stirling, Scotland, MacQueen (right) has been partial to springers. When he started Ramornie Kennels in Pottersville, N.J. in 1935, he worked primarily with Labradors, but soon switched to springers. "I've always felt that the springer is the most exciting sporting dog," MacQueen says. "They are the hardest to train, because they are expected to do more at a trial under tighter control than any other breed." Over the years MacQueen has imported 12 springers from England. He has made 10 of them into field-trial champions and two—Ludlowian Bruce, who won in 1954 and 1955, and Willie—into national champions. But he is quick to point out that it was his friend John Forbes, the dean of spaniel trainers in England, who "discovered" Willie.

After seeing the dog work on rabbits and jackdaws (small crows), Forbes wrote MacQueen and said: "With a bit of luck, you might be able to make this dog a champion in his first year." The challenge was made, and MacQueen advised his longtime client, Dean Bedford, a retired oil-company executive from Fallston, Md., to buy the pup from Breeder Jack Davey of Colchester, England.

MacQueen started Willie on pigeons. "He looked great on pigeons," MacQueen recalls, "but his first experience

with a pheasant was a bit scary. He flushed the bird nicely and was steady on his hup for the shot. But when I sent him to retrieve he looked the bird over, smelled it and then came dashing back—without the bird. Well, I gulped and gave him more birds, and pretty soon he was picking them up and dragging them back by a foot or a wing—not very pretty, but he was coming back just as fast as he went out, with his tail just slashing all the time. He was and still is happy in his work, and that's the kind of dog you need for field trials."

The English dog learns at an early age to trail rabbits and game birds like a hound, and it is hard work for the American trainer to get the springer's head up so that he is questing for body scent in the air like a pointing dog—often months of work, followed by a fat bird bill for the dog's owner.

"We were lucky with Willie," says MacQueen. "He hadn't been worked too much on rabbits, and he was hunting with a high head when I got him. I did have to increase his range a bit—the English like a narrow dog, but we want one that will quarter a field in casts of 35 to 40 yards on either side, and roughly 10 yards out in front of the handler and the guns. It is not easy to convince any young hotshot springer to stay within gun range, but then Willie is not just any springer. As for his water training, Willie didn't need any. He was already making 80-yard blind water retrievals before I got him."

MacQueen ran Willie in a trial for the first time early in October, but the dog flunked out when he failed to find a shot pheasant that had dropped behind the gallery. It was his last mistake in competition. Willie won his next two open all-age stakes, and thus, two months after he arrived in the U.S., precocious but unproven, he had already earned his field-trial championship. By the second day of the National he was the dog to beat. Willie's last series, run in unusually thick cover, was the best of the trial. He faultlessly handled all three of his birds, but it was the second bird, a running cock

pheasant, that clinched the championship for him.

"It was the only time I worried about that wee rascal," MacQueen admits. "Any good dog is liable to become an outlaw when he is boiling along on the hot scent of a running bird." But the moment Willie got out of gun range on the runner, MacQueen simply tooted once on his whistle and the dog immediately hopped. When the guns had walked up closer, MacQueen sent Willie in to flush.

"Willie was just getting better every time he ran," MacQueen said later. "and, Scot or no, I couldn't resist putting \$20 on his nose before the last series. After all, a dog like Willie comes along only once in a lifetime."

—DUNCAN BARNES



## BENEATH THE EYES OF ARNIE

by GEORGE PLIMPTON

The author survives, in a manner of speaking, two of the most testing holes in golf, but then looks up from a gully where he is searching for his ball to discover that he is holding up Arnold Palmer—and the Army

Superficially, one might think that after my catastrophes of the day before, and earlier events on this, the second day of my play in the Crosby, I would consider my handling of the tee shot on the 16th at Cypress Point to be a considerable success. For a moment I thought it was, but only for a moment.

The 16th at Cypress Point is one of the famous golf holes of the world, certainly one of the most difficult and demanding par-3s. In the 1952 Crosby the average score of the

entire field on the hole was 5. The golfer stands on a small elevated tee facing the Pacific Ocean that boils in below on the rocks, its swells laced with long strands of kelp and, occasionally, with a sea lion lolling in there, turning lazily, a flipper up, like a log in a slow current. It would be a clear shot to the horizon if it weren't for a promontory that hooks around from the golfer's left. On the end of the promontory, circled by ice plant, is the green, a 210-yard carry across the water. There is a relatively safe approach to the 16th, which

is to aim to the left of the green and carry a shot 125 yards or so across the water onto the wide saddle of the promontory. But from there the golfer must chip to the green and sink his putt to make his par.

Many players are critical of the 16th at Cypress. Gardner Dickinson told me that he thought it was no sort of golf hole at all. His point was that making a direct carry to the green, particularly if any sort of wind was blowing in the golfer's face, was ill-advised and "cotton-pickin' stupid," and the sensible

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golfer was penalized for the shot he should make—that is to say, to the saddle of the promontory from where he must get down in two for his par. The chances of birdieing the hole playing at that way are, of course, almost nil. Dickinson himself would not try the long shot. (One's whole daily score could be affected. Jerry Barber got a 10 on the hole the year that he was PGA champion.) He always chose the safer route, cutting across as much ocean as he dared with an iron, aiming for the promontory saddle, all the while mumbling and carrying on and pinching up his face in disgust as if the kelp surging back and forth below him in the sea were evading a strong odor.

The spectators loved the hole, though. They gathered on the wooded bluff above the tee, some perched on the wode cypress branches, squat-shaped, like cranes. When a player motioned—sometimes theatrically, one always felt—to his caddie for a wood, and the caddie, warming to the drama, removed the woolen cover with a flourish, there would be a stirring in the trees, like a rookery at dawn, and a stretching forward, since the spectators up there knew the golfer was going to “go for it.”

And it was a wonderful thing to see the perfectly hit shot, to hear the click of the club and the ball soar off over the ocean, as senseless an act, at first glance, as watching someone drive a ball off the stern of a transatlantic liner, the ball rising up against the wind currents and high above the line of the horizon beyond. Then, with its descent, one realized the distant green had become available, until it was a question of *distance*, whether the ball would flash briefly against the cliffs that fronted the green and plummet into the ocean, or whether the green itself would suddenly be pocked by the whiteness of the ball, the feat done, accented by a roar and chatter rising out of the trees behind the tee.

Here was the distinction of this ocean hole at Cypress, it epitomized the feat of golf—excessively, Dickinson would say—namely, the hitting of a distant target with accuracy, a shot so demanding that it was either successful or, with the ocean circling the hole on three sides, emphatically a disaster.

When our foursome reached the 16th tee the wind was slight. Amid a stir of excitement Bob Bruno, my moody pro partner,

went for the green with a wood. He made one of his best shots of the day, it seemed to me, and behind us the cries came out of the tree-tops. Bruno wasn't so sure. The ball had landed on an area of the green that we couldn't see from the tee. He thought he had “come off” the ball somewhat, a bit “flat,” he thought, and that as a result the shot might have caught the ice plant. Not being at all convinced that the hole was as secure for our team, he suggested that I play my shot safe and short for the promontory and, done with his advice, he walked away and stood looking out at the sea.

I motioned for a wood, a three-wood, a club I had been feeling comfortable with that day, and again there was a hint of expectation and interest among the spectators. Abe, my caddie, coming forward with the golf bag, said, “If you're going for it, you'll be needing a driver. Two drivers.”

He was speaking loudly enough for some of the spectators to overhear.

“I'll take the wood, Abe,” I insisted.

“You're up,” Bruno said from the edge of the tee, still staring out to sea. He was impatient to check the lie of his ball.

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*On the 16th at Cypress Four (left) Phogson confounds the harpers behind him by avoiding the ocean, but on the 18th at Pebble Beach (below) a devastating drive and this second shot led to a flawless quest for redemption*



I set the ball on the tee and did what I had been intending to do all along—I hit a good easy wood across the short neck of water to the saddle, just what Dickinson would have done, except he would have used a five-iron, possibly a six, but if it took me a wood to feel comfortable and get the ball there, that was wise golf, too.

There was an odd stir and fidget in the trees and in the crowd around the tee. I could imagine an elderly man, sitting on a golfing stick, saying impetuously and sharply: "You see that? That big fellow takes out a wood. So he's going for it. What does he do but hit a tiny little wood over your tender. . . . Shortest wood I ever saw without it being topped."

The thing to do was hurry off the tee as quickly as one could.

When Bruno's ball turned out to be on the green I did not have to finish the hole.

### "Fore!" on the clubhouse lawn

The next day I faced the biggest crowds of the tournament on the 18th at Pebble Beach—the illustrious finishing hole of the Crosby. On one side of the fairway, to the golfer's left, the ocean boils in against a slightly curved seawall. There have been some extraordinary shots played out of the water at the base of the seawall. In 1929 Harrison R. Johnson stepped gingerly into the ocean, watched the water wash and surge over his ball until a propitious moment came in the wake of a wave, and then played an approach shot out of the water to defeat Dr. O. F. Willing in the U.S. Amateur.

The other side of the fairway, the inland side, was usually packed thick with spectators. I found the crowds distracting. The temptation under their gaze was to press and to attempt the spectacular shot. I kept telling myself to play the normal shot, but the presence of the gallery was unsettling. More than once I remembered the effect of the crowds on the fortunes of John de Forest, a former British amateur champion. Playing in the Masters, he knocked a shot into the creek that fronts the 13th green at Augusta. A groan went up from the considerable crowd collected there to watch such disasters—a groan from them, and then a low hum, half of sympathy, half of delight, with everyone craning forward to see what de Forest would do, seeing how he would "take it."

When he walked up, he could see the ball just a foot or so out from the bank. He had an option—to drop another ball and take the one-stroke penalty or to try to explode the ball from where it lay, two or three inches below the surface in its dimple in the mud. With

the big crowd watching, the inclination was to try the extravagant shot, to offer the multitude the spectacle of the golfer with one leg on the slope, the other deep in the water, the trouser leg rolled up, then the flash of the club, the resulting tower of water, with the ball rising out of it and falling onto the green, and then the yell and applause as it landed, the hands flickering around the great semicircle of onlookers as he pulled himself up on the bank, the water glistening on his bare leg, his foot muddled, his head modestly lowered.

It was a scene de Forest could not resist. Deciding on the explosion shot, he sat down and amid a murmur of expectation removed a shoe, stripped off his sock and rolled the trouser leg up above his knee, doing all this with fastidious care. Then he took his club and dramatically stepped down with one foot into the water. It was the foot with the shoe on it. With the crowd craning to see, he must have thought as he felt the water squish into his shoe and the sock go dump. "Oh good gracious God," and he decided to brave it through, as if that had been his intent all along—to immerse the foot with the shoe, his bare foot up on the grass slope. He made the shot that way, almost weeping with embarrassment, and he flubbed it, of course, just barely scraping it out on the grass. He now has a title—Count de Beldern—but it's doubtful that he can ever lace on a pair of shoes in the morning without thinking back to that day on the 13th at Augusta.

On the 18th at Pebble Beach I tried a shot that was pandering to the dramatic—one which afterward made me think of Count de Beldern—a shot I probably would not have considered had I not been aware of the crowds across the fairway looking on.

I topped my drive so badly that I prefer not to think about it. It skittered forward a short way, and I did, too, in an effort to hit my second shot before the enormity of my duffed drive would attract the attention of the distant crowd. This shot hooked, hitting on top of the seawall and fortunately kicking back in toward the fairway. It took one high, long bounce and landed in the sand next to the wall. I could hear a faint sigh go up from the gallery as it saw the sand spurt into the air.

When I reached the ball I could see that the prudent shot was to play safe with an iron and get the ball back out onto the fairway. But I had an idea that I could flick the ball off the sand with a wood—its lie was fair—and drive directly for the green. The shot was complicated, however, by the ball lying so close to the seawall that I was forced to stand on the wall to address the shot—my golfing

posture not unlike that of someone standing on a stool and trying to hit a ball off a rug near a sofa.

Abe said, "How can you hit it that way?" He began wheezing loudly.

I didn't answer him. It would have taken too long to explain that I hoped with one last dramatic shot to undo all the endless inquiries of the previous rounds—to finish with a shot that would restore my ego.

Abe, seeing I was going to try the shot, said, "Well, don't fall off the wall. That's the ocean behind you."

I swooped at the ball with a nervous quick swing, topped it, pushing it a few feet onto the fairway, I stepped after it quickly, and before the chagrin could settle in I addressed the ball again, swung, and caught it with power. The ball rose in a titanic slice, soaring diagonally across the fairway, and landed far up in the crowds on the clubhouse lawn. There were distant cries of alarm.

"You're ending up just grand," said Abe.

"See how Bruno's done, will you, Abe?" I asked. "I'll meet you where it landed."

I set off across the fairway. The line of spectators watched me come. They divided and let me through.

"Your ball's back up in there," someone said. "Damn near conked a mamba!"

The ball lay on the lawn that stretched from the green up to the clubhouse. Tea tables had been set out, with chairs placed around, and groups were sitting sipping summer drinks—tall orangeades with fruit slices on the lips if the glasses, gin and tonics that shone metallic blue in the sun. People strolled to and fro in that warm and unseasonable weather, many men in club blazers, the girls in bright Italian prints, so that I had the sense of intruding into a wedding reception. My ball, lying starkly on the lawn, seemed an object quite out of place, rather obscene, and the temptation was to stand away from it and pretend that it was none of my concern, not my doing at all. The strollers looked at it curiously. Abe came up, wheezing, a cigarette stuck on his lower lip. He was bent far forward under the weight of my bag, as he always was, as if perpetually climbing the slope of a hill.

"How's Bruno doing?" I asked nervously.

If my shot was necessary for the team score the marshals would have to clear an alley down to the green, and the big ring of spectators would have to be divided to give me a view of the flag. The dramatic possibilities of the shot were considerable. Suddenly I wanted none of it. I was thinking of de Forest with his shoe-clad foot in the pond.

"Your partner's putting for a birdie," Abe



said, "He's going to make the cut. The guy's working up a smile, I think."

"I can pick up, then?"

"No reason not to," said Abe.

I bent and picked up the ball with a scooping, nonchalant, relieved gesture. Immediately a tug came at my sleeve. "Ball, mister? Can I have your ball?" A youngster was standing there. It was the custom on the 18th green for children to cluster around the players hoking out to try to cadge golf balls. The more important the golfer, the larger the crowd around him and the more imploring the pleas. Often, to show no favoritism, the golfer backed up and threw the ball, the kids scurrying after it like a pack of terns after a stick. It was the golfer's grand gesture, particularly if he had holed a long putt or made a fine score or especially if he had taken the championship, to bestow the ball, which he had endowed with such magic properties, to the throng.

"Please, mister, please."

"It's all yours," I said. I palmed it to him surreptitiously, as if it were contraband.

### Overrun by Arnie's Army

All the golfers I talked to on the tour agreed that the most unfortunate position out on the course was to play immediately in front of Arnold Palmer and his Army. If one had to play in front of one of the superstars, Jack Nicklaus was the golfer one would hope for because he was slow, so that however large a following he had, one could open up space between his gallery and one's own group. As for playing behind golfers like Nicklaus and Palmer, well, that was simply a matter of patience—waiting until their cohorts had moved their easy, elephantine meanderings beyond range.

At the San Francisco pro-am, in which I and two other amateurs were partnered by the professional Red Furseth, I noticed in the evening papers, which published the starting times for the next day's play, that our foursome was scheduled to tee off immediately in front of Palmer's group. I had my mind on it, and I told a friend that evening. He laughed and said that nothing could compare with an experience he had had with Palmer and his Army. I've forgotten what tournament he said it was, possibly the Masters or the PGA, one of the great championships, for sure. He was a spectator on the golf course at a position where the big-name players were coming through. While waiting, on the side of the fairway, he had stepped into one of those sentry-box structures called Port-O-Let, chemical toilets that are set about courses during

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB HILTON

*His face revealing sentiments that etiquette prevents him from putting into words, touring pro Red Furseth, the author's partner in San Francisco, speculates on the vagaries of his rival's backswing.*

*Well-beaten, though not on the beaten track, Phossax is harassed by a squirrel that threatens to run off with his ball at San Francisco. Subsequently, he is amused when another pair also stops avoid cobbles.*



tournament week. After a few moments he opened the door, which made a shrill squeal, and he stepped out into the bright sunlight. There, not 10 yards away, standing over a golf ball that he had hit nearly out of bounds and getting ready to swing, was Arnold Palmer. When my friend stepped into the Port-O-Let there had been quite a few people trudging by, the advance guard of Arnie's Army. Now, he said, with himself and the Port-O-Let and Palmer at its apex, an enormous fan of people had materialized that stretched away toward the distant green, a double line of faces—thousands, it appeared—all straining to see. At the creak of the hinges Palmer looked back, and he saw my friend standing there in the door of the Port-O-Let.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Well, my gosh," my friend said. "I stepped right back into the Port-O-Let and pulled the door shut. It was the typical reaction, I mean, stepping out and seeing all those people. It was like slipping through a door and finding oneself alone on the stage of a fully occupied opera house. What happens is that your eyes pop and you back up right through the door you came out of."

"What happened then?"

"Well, after a second or two, there was this knock on the door of the Port-O-Let, and it was Palmer. 'Listen,' he said. 'Come on out, there's no hurry.' Well, I thought about that great mob of people out there, all looking and maybe getting ready to laugh and all if I stepped out of the Port-O-Let. So I said through the door, 'No. You go right ahead, Mr. Palmer. I'm as no hurry either. I don't want to disturb you.' Well, I heard his foot-

steps in the grass, moving away, and the increasing quiet of the crowd, which had been murmuring, and I knew he was standing over his ball and they were settling down for his shot. But the murmur started up again, and I was surprised, because I hadn't heard the click of his club going through the shot. Then I heard footsteps and there was this knock on the door of the Port-O-Let. It was Palmer. 'Listen,' he said. He sounded very apologetic through the door. 'I find it's hard to concentrate on my shot thinking about you shut up in that box. I'd appreciate it if you would come out.' Well, I did, of course. I pushed the door open with that big screech, those damn rusty hinges, and I stepped out. It was very bright in the sunlight after the Port-O-Let, and there was Palmer looking worried and serious, and he said he was sorry to have inconvenienced me. I said, oh no, not at all. There was quite a lot of laughter, and I sidled off and tried to get lost in the crowd. But people kept grinning at me, heads turning, you know, 'There's the Port-O-Let guy,' so finally I hurried across a fairway and watched someone else, Kermit Zarley, I think, someone like that, where there weren't too many people around."

"That's something!" I said.

It was overcast the next day, but Palmer had a big crowd with him. As I had been led to expect, golfing that day was not like playing in a tournament at all, but rather like being in a migration, the Great Trek, during which, because of some odd ceremonial ritual, one was asked to carry along a golf club and strike at a golf ball from time to time, stepping out from the multitude to knock the ball along the line of march, standing and concentrating

on the shot while the oblivious crowds rolled down beside the fairway, like the slow flow of a stream around a rock in the riverbed. There was only one person they had come to see hit a golf shot, and that was Arnold Palmer.

On the 14th at the Harding Park Golf Course I was nearly engulfed by the Army. The hole is a long par-4. On the golfer's left as he stands on the tee the fairway slopes sharply into gullies covered with heavy brush, and then the hill drops off abruptly down to Lake Merced, sparkling far below. When I stepped up to drive, the advance elements of Arnie's Army were streaming along on the right side of the fairway, getting themselves into position for his appearance immediately behind us. I hit my drive off the heel of the club, perhaps compensating, wanting to keep my ball away from the crowds, and it shot off at an angle and into one of the gullies on the left, not more than 50 yards or so from the tee. I sighed and went down there with my caddie to look for it. The rest of the foursome, Rod Purneth in the fore, continued down the fairway. I called to them that I would catch up if I could. My caddie and I both took clubs out, smacking through the underbrush in the hope of uncovering the ball.

In the meantime, Palmer and his group had finished the 13th and they had come up on the elevated 14th tee. Having luckily found my ball after a long search, I was thinking about how to play my shot when I happened to glance back up at the tee behind me. Palmer was looking steadily down the fairway. I was so far down in the gully that I could only



see the upper part of his torso. From the set of his shoulders I could tell that he was braced over his ball and that the rest of my foursome was far enough away for him to lace into his shot. He had not noticed me; and if he had, he would not have supposed that I was a member of the team in front of him, because by now Fumeth and the rest of them were more than 300 yards away down the fairway.

"Wait!" I called.

He looked down, almost directly it seemed, off that high tee, as if he were peering over the edge of a large container, and I thought afterward that he had the abrupt look of someone who sees something move in his wastepaper basket.

I raised my driver and waved it, so he could identify me as a fellow golfer.

"Down here," I called. "I'm sorry. I'll be right out," I cried, as if in reply to someone pounding on a washroom door—one of the Port-O-Lets, it suddenly occurred to me, remembering my friend's misadventure.

The caddy handed me a club. I settled over my ball, my back up against a bush, and was about to thrust at it when I discovered that the caddy, in his confusion and in the awe of the moment, had taken my driver and mistakenly handed me a putter.

I tossed it to him. "An eight," I called. "Not a putter. An eight-iron."

I took a quick look back up at the tee. Palmer was looking on, and behind him were the other members of my foursome and their caddies and a few officials and a back line of spectators, all grim as they stared down. "Maybe you could pick up," my caddy said nervously.

I ignored him and hit a shot that bounced up and onto the fairway.

"Let's go," I said. We ran up after the shot, the caddy trotting hard, the clubs jangling thunderously in the bag.

I saw my friend that evening and told him what had happened—playing the shot in front of that grim gallery—a tableau of generals with their staffs they might have been, surveying the pageantry of battle from a hill, except that immediately in front of them something had gone wrong: a soldier's drum had fallen off, rolling down a gentle slope, and he was rushing after it, his cockade askew, and the drum was beginning to bounce now and pull away from him. . . .

"You know what I mean," I said.

"Yes," my friend said.

Well, with that gallery looking on, I told him, the caddy and I reached the shot up on the fairway, really scrambling after it. But then I saw that my next shot could, if well hit, reach the green where the rest of my foursome was standing over their putts. A quandary. I mean, does one press on and drive into one's own team? It was such an odd place for me to be on the course, sandwiched between Arnold Palmer and my own people, playing a solitary round in limbo. So what I did was pick up the ball and hurry off the fairway to let Palmer hit. I joined his Army. It seemed the most judicious thing to do.

"You did the right thing," my friend said.

"I think so."

"That was not a pleasant experience."

"Well, neither was yours," I told him. "I wouldn't have liked to have been in the Port-O-Let. That was worse."

"I think so," he said.

"Some terrible things can happen out there in tournament golf," I said.

"Absolutely," he said. "Terrible things."

#### ***A lesson from Dave Marr***

In the San Francisco Pro-Am I was not able to help my team's score at all. Not one stroke. I was so disheartened about my golf that I began a crash program of practice. I spent hours both day and night on the public driving ranges, hoping that if I didn't discover the cause of my difficulties at least I could make my game more consistent. The driving range I found in San Francisco was a pleasure to visit. It not only offered a remarkable view of the city, but the golfer drove his shots out over an immense bowl-shaped pit into which the ball plummeted straight down from the peak of its flight. It gave one the illusion of having hit great distances. Even a ball just barely topped off the tee would roll down a slope for a couple of hundred yards or so, a fine psychological benefit to those despairing women who are invariably finds on the firing line of the golf ranges who stroke at the ball with slow, aching swings.

When I left San Francisco for Palm Springs and the Bob Hope Desert Classic, I kept to my regimen of practice. When I wasn't on the course, I went to the driving ranges. I gave up the evening festivities, the cocktail parties, the club dances, and went out and practiced on an 18-hole course that stayed open under the arc lights. It was a long drive from my motel. I never saw anyone else on the course. The slight wind off the desert was chill. The grass

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had an eerie silver quality under the lights, stiff and unnatural, like an enormous metallic expanse of carpet. The golf balls shone as bright as moths. Once, very late on the course, the ground seemed to shudder slightly, a sighing groan swept around like a word, and I whirled, sand wedge in hand, "Wha? Wha?" and from countless water points geysers of spray rose, and water began to spring up from the nozzles of sprinklers and work out across the grass and then sweep in great arcs covering the course. I ran for my cart, and pulling it after me I wheeled crazily through the mare of water and fountain, sprinting in front of long sweeps of spray as they came curving in their patterns. I reached the little clubhouse where the proprietor, a young man wearing a French beret, was leaning against the counter, watching me come.

"That's a helluva trick," I said when I'd caught my breath. "A man could drown out there."

"Don't blame me," he said. "The whole system works automatically. The watering goes on even when it's raining. There's nothing I can do."

"There ought to be a warning device out there," I said. "A siren, perhaps. Or maybe you ought to fire off a cannon."

"It's late, man," he said. "You know what time it is. No one's ever been caught out there when the system went on." He was peeved. "You trying to win a bet or something?"

I paid him for the extra time. "There's a ball out there in the sand trap," I said. "It's yours to keep if it hasn't floated away."

Dave Marr saw me the day after I had played the night course, and he said, "Where were you? We looked for you last night out on the town."

I told him that at midnight I was playing golf.

He was incredulous.

"No, honest," I said. "On a night course. I'm just so damn ashamed about my game."

Marr said, "Let me tell you something I learned from Paul Runyan when I first came out on the tour, back in my rabbit days. It is that on the tour you try to behave just the way you did back home. It doesn't do any good to get to bed at 8 o'clock if that isn't your habit. Or sit in the motel and stare at the end of a light-bulb chain—unless one has a fancy for that. Or practice-putt on the motel

carpet all night long. You been doing that?"

I nodded.

"It's no good," he said. "You got to live the same pattern—go to a movie, if that's what you do normally, or a good dinner or dancing. There's no other way. Let me tell you the one other piece of advice I've never forgotten. Jackie Burke told me. He said, never stick with the losers on the golf course. Stay away from the rabbits, if you can. No matter how nice they are as golfing companions, if they are perpetually rabbits they've got a streak in them that's no good for you to be around too much. Always play with the winners."

"How do you go about that?" I asked.

"Well, when they're going out on a practice round, you ask them if you can play with them. They're not going to turn you down. Can you imagine Arnie turning someone down? Or any of the other great ones? Not if there's a place. There's much more camaraderie between professional golfers than you might think. They help each other. The two enemies in golf, in medal play at least, are yourself and the golf course. Another golfer, even though he may be beating you out of the prize money, you just don't think of him as an opponent as you would in tennis, say, or poker. Now, naturally, if some young golfer doesn't come up and ask me for advice, well, I've got nothing to tell. I don't go out of my way to advise. But if he asks, I'm glad to."

I began laughing.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Well, in that case, with all this camaraderie and helping the other fellow, I was thinking ... well, maybe you'd like to go out and play some midnight golf. I've got this grand course I've found. I could stand a few tips. Besides, it's sort of interesting out there. The water-sprinkling system goes on automatically."

"Man, you really think them up," Marr said. He was grinning. "If you want my advice, a good evening on the town and something with some rain in it is what you need for what ails you."

"All right," I said. "You've persuaded me."

**NEXT WEEK** the author ends his tour with a splash. One shot lands in a swimming pool, another one nearly hits Bob Hope.

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Bermuda Dunes Blue	Preston Trail Burgundy
Scioto Green	Riviera Blue





# A DIVER'S DREAM COME TRUE

On Grand Bahama Island pleasure divers now have what they have long wanted: a club where novices can learn easily and experts have a chance to stretch their luck a little

by COLES PHINIZY

Last fall, a mile off Grand Bahama Island, Robert Toll Jr., a laundry operator from River Forest, Ill., and his wife Nancy dropped off the side of a boat and swam 80 feet down into a labyrinth of coral, where spangled parrot fish grazed in soft, filtered shafts of light. Since the Tolls had never gone so deep on any of their five previous dives, they were accompanied by a California college professor, Albert Alvin Tillman, who in 20 years of diving has put more water through his sinuses than most people drink in a year. After the Tolls had inspected the residence of an irritable moray eel and Bob had stopped to put an angelfish that tagged along, Tillman led them still deeper, until the meandering canyon walls fell away and only splashes of coral stood out dimly in the desert waste. When they reached a depth of 100 feet, the Tolls and Tillman shook hands. Then Bob Toll did a gracious thing. He tapped his wife on the shoulder, produced a petite diver's watch from his glove and put it on her wrist—a 10th wedding anniversary present, delivered two days late but in an appropriate setting.

Ten years ago, when the undersea was still poorly understood by most men, a 10th wedding anniversary celebrated 100 feet down among all the spooky boogums of the sea would have attracted some notice in the daily press, which dotes on that sort of offbeat activity. Now that men are living underwater in inverted teacups and are riding around in goggle-eyed saucers 300 fathoms down, the leisurely trip of Mr. and Mrs.

Toll to 100 feet is hardly an attention-getter. Still, it is worth noting, simply because casual sortics like theirs have become so very commonplace off Grand Bahama, where a revolution in diving is in progress.

Since the early 1950s, many divers—both amateurs and practical entrepreneurs who earn a living from the sport—have dreamed that some day, beside some bright, unspoiled stretch of water, there would be a place where vacationers might go to dive, not so much for the challenge or the novelty as for the casual joy of it. As the early dreamers saw it, the ideal diving installation should have a well-rounded program of the sort that snow skiers have come to expect at any good ski resort. The place should not only offer basic instruction in snorkeling and scuba diving, but also should be well enough equipped and staffed to serve experienced divers. Equally important, the place should have an air of sociability. In brief, it should be a diving spa, not simply a launching pad.

The dream finally came true last winter when the Underwater Explorers Club, built at a cost of \$700,000, opened its doors on Grand Bahama. In the nine months that it has been operating, more than 3,000 divers have used the club facilities. More than 1,400 novices have learned basic scuba diving there, starting in the three-foot shallows of one pool and finishing in a pool 17 feet deep that enabled them to get a working acquaintance with the gross effects of pressure before going into the sea.

For the benefit of the diver who wants to know the difference between a *Mola mola* and a *Mehole*, the Explorers Club has a library. If a diver on his first trip into the sea is suddenly handed a queer fish by his guide or if he hunders against some fire coral, when he gets back to the club laboratory he can find out what kind of fish he was handed and what safe form of inappetent coral it was that stung him. The club has a pleasant lounge where a man can enjoy a drink and good company, and it has a sauna bath where he can stew in his own juice. There is an exercise room for fitness nuts, and there is a photo lab where underwater camera bugs can have their art developed for a price. Most important, the club has dependable rental equipment, boats that usually work and a competent staff which—fingers crossed—has not yet let a diver down, except gently.

The club has been patronized by a wide variety of technicians, dabblers, adventurers, experimenters and moneysingers, notably Edwain Link, the inventor, Hugh O'Brian, the actor, Victor de Sanctis, the Italian designer, Dmitri Rezhikoff, the Russo-Franco-American engineer, Buster Crabbe, the onetime Tarzan, Don Pablo Bush Romero, the Mexican explorer, Dr. Ivan Brown, the hyperbaric expert of Duke University, Owen Lee, the lecturer, Captain Edward Beckman, the Navy physiologist, Diane Steuckert, a Grand Bahama housewife (who plans to break the women's scuba distance record), Evelyn Petersson of Zamia (who once held the

continued

WHILE SNORKELERS PRACTICE IN CLUB'S SHALLOW POOL, SCUBA DIVERS TAKE A LESSON IN THE WINDOWED DEEP POOL BEHIND IT

women's free-diving depth record); and Jacques Mayol, the Shanghai-born Frenchman who recently set the free-diving record for men by traveling 198 feet down on a single breath of air. Despite the diversity of its clientele, the particular virtue of the Explorers Club is that it is being enjoyed by a great many people like the Robert Tolls of River Forest, who, until they cautiously stepped into the club's training pool a year ago, never thought that in 12 months' time they would be blowing bubbles together 100 feet down.

Any sport that requires so much as a jot of specialized skill must overcome tremendous inertia before it catches on with the general public. Back in the dark ages of snow skiing, in the days of rope tows and bear-trap hindings, the slopes had thrills enough for anyone, but the sport never really took off until a lot of fuss and bother had been wrung out of it, until the equipment had been refined and stretch pants had rounded things off very nicely. Twenty years ago the

sport of sailing involved entirely too much mystique and too much tinkering, hauling, scraping and painting to attract most people. Today, of course, in the age of plastics and instant navigation, all kinds of owls and pussycats are going to sea, and the U.S. Coast Guard is a nervous wreck.

The early growth of scuba diving was particularly slow, because the sport was a war baby. It was born in 1943 when Jacques-Yves Cousteau of the French navy and an engineer named Emile Gagnan used secondhand ideas to perfect a breathing regulator that enabled ordinary men to go below with a tankful of adventure on their backs. Although the worth of the apparatus was quickly established, by the time the world settled into a semipeaceful state in 1947 the sport had acquired an awesome image, being associated in the public mind with the desperate exploits of military frogmen. Much of the early diving equipment worked poorly and looked worse. The early sport diver was a pitiful figure

—a clumsy, frog-footed soul, swaddled in ill-fitting rubber, with a galvanized monkey on his back, a knife on his leg, gauges on his wrist and an old cartridge belt of lead weights, tangled with loose straps and God knows what all around his waist.

Although in 1950 it was possible to rent scuba gear on the French Riviera, when Cousteau visited the U.S. that year he learned that his first American sales representative had sold all 10 of the regulators that had been sent him but wanted no more. "The market has been saturated," the salesman told Cousteau. Today, somewhere in obscurity, this first U.S. scuba dealer is probably still pounding his pointed head against a wall. Since 1950 more than 600,000 regulators have been sold in the U.S., most of them to men and women who, 10 years ago, never thought they would be going into Cousteau's unreal world. Despite its poor image in the early days, the sport always had one thing going for it: it is very beautiful down there.

It was not until the tourist explosion hit the Caribbean full force in the late 1950s that the sport of scuba diving really began to move. Before that, travel folders often spoke of "superb snorkeling and aqualunging," but, more often than not, it was a hollow promise. In most areas there was neither the equipment available nor responsible guides. Today most big resort areas—notably Nassau, Bermuda, Puerto Rico and the American Virgins—have good guide service. Of necessity, because of the preponderance of novices, the sport in most places is generally limited to shallow prowling. It is only with the coming of the Explorers Club that the sport has become genuinely vertical. On Grand Bahama the novice who makes satisfactory progress can, in the matter of a week, enjoy the goodness of shallow reefs and also wander in safe company into the spectacular twilight farther down. On special request, Explorer Club guides will take experienced divers down below 150 feet, a short way into the narcosis zone, but the diver who wishes to do so must have both a good reason and good credentials.

The Explorers Club is one of a kind now, but for sure there will be others like it. The real wonder is not how such a club finally came to be, but how it happened to be built on Grand Bahama, a flat, 430-square-mile island that 20 years

IN THE DEEP TRAINING POOL, OIVER DIANE STEUCKERT PRACTICES EMERGENCY ASCENT



ago supported only scrub palmetto, gazing pine trees and a human population of 2,000. Most of the 2,000 people endured on the scraggly land by cutting down the pine trees for an American entrepreneur named Wallace Groves. About 10 years ago Groves, in alliance with other individuals and syndicates, persuaded the Bahamian government to set aside 234 square miles of the island as a tax-free area where industry might start unburdened.

The details of just who controls what on Grand Bahama is at this point as complicated as the old Habsburg dynasty. It is sufficient to say that the system works. In the past four years on Grand Bahama there has been nothing but change. Today there are deepwater anchorages and labyrinthine channels where yesterday there was only shoaling, unbroken coast. There are three hydroponically nourished golf courses (and three more coming), all attractively contoured on barren, flat land that Robert Trent Jones would not have looked at twice. There are gambling casinos that can take money faster than it grows on trees. There is an international bazaar with the architecture and merchandise of many lands—the whole thing built only yesterday but each section artificially aged so that it looks like a page torn out of a 50-year-old Baedeker travel guide. In the report, the tax-free area, there are 5,000 hotel beds where there were none four years ago, and there will be about 3,000 more by the end of this year. It is said that one tourist last March leaned over to tie his shoelace, and before he had straightened up a hotel had been built around him and he was charged winter rates for occupying a three-room suite.

The Explorers Club was built on Grand Bahama rather than in one of the older resort areas primarily because a Canadian popcorn magnate named Frank Strean thought the booming island should have such a facility. Not knowing whom to count on to work out the details, Strean put the matter up to Art Arthur, a California scriptwriter of his acquaintance. Arthur knew just the man to head such an enterprise: Albert Tillman, a California State Polytechnic College associate professor, who first breathed underwater through one of the 10 regulators that had supposedly saturated the U.S. market 16 years ago. Over the years, whenever Art Arthur wanted

to put some fanciful aquatic action into a script, he usually telephoned Al Tillman. "Al," he would ask, "if I had some creep put a baby in a box and float it down the Amazon, how long could the baby live?" or, "Al, is it possible to teach a gorilla to scuba-dive?"

It is safe to say that if a gorilla were willing to learn, Al Tillman, the executive director of the Explorers Club, could probably teach it. Tillman started free diving in the days of utter anarchy and free enterprise, when masks were made of inner tube, when redwood shingles were used as flippers, and long underwear and baby oil were the best insulators available to divers in cool California waters. Of all the homemade failures, in Tillman's mind, none equaled the wet suit devised by a diver named Jess Ranker. To increase the insulation, Ranker holed his long underwear in Cusco, and the only trouble was that by the time Ranker squirmed into it, he was so greasy that the tire iron he used to dislodge shalones would keep squirting out

of his hand. When scuba equipment finally arrived, Tillman brought a fair amount of order to a sport that, at the outset, seemed to relish chaos. The diving safety manual that he wrote for the Los Angeles County Department of Parks and Recreation was one of the first and one of the few worth having 10 years ago. Tillman founded the National Association of Underwater Instructors, whose program is today the criterion of safety. He started the International Underwater Film Festival, a carnival of water-soaked art that now plays to an audience of 2,300 in Santa Monica before going on one-night stands in a dozen major cities.

A great many of the divers using the Explorers Club today are barely aware of the antic years through which the sport has passed or of the many parts played in it by men like Tillman. And that, of course, is as it should be on an island and in a sport where nothing of yesterday is hulk so intriguing as the promises of tomorrow.

ENO

ON REEF, OWEE BEN ROSE AND MILLIE FOHRMAN CATCH FISH FOR CLUB LABORATORY



The stakes in Vietnam were apparently higher than anyone could have imagined—the stakes, that is, in the mid-morning poker games of some wives of prominent South Vietnamese officials. Last week when Deputy Premier and Defense Minister **Nguyen Huu Co** was ousted from the ruling military junta on charges of corruption, the wheeling and dealing of his pretty, young wife was cited as a substantial cause. A free-spending sport, she had been winning and losing huge sums of money playing poker on a Vietnamese variety of five-card stud called *pho*. It was not unusual for a single pot in the housewives' game to be one million piasters (\$8,400). At the recent trial of the treasurer of Dalat Province, it was revealed that the official had lost \$70,000 at poker to Madame Co and her friends and had lifted the money from the treasury to square his debts.

For years now the Swedes have not paid a great deal of attention to royal form, but Princess **Birgitta** changed all that last week. Plastered on the walls of Stockholm subway stations were eye-catching life-size posters (*bilbor*) showing the six-foot princess, a mother of three and a former gymnastics teacher,

hushy with her daily calisthenics. "Keeping fit with Birgitta" was the caption. The posters were advertisements for a 10-part series on fitness that the Princess is sponsoring in a women's weekly. Enthused by the opportunity to keep her countrymen on their toes, Birgitta has also agreed to make a record to exercise by, providing her own hup, two, three, four Hup!

The report was that an advertising agency for a New York cosmetics firm offered Joe Namath "a bundle of money" to shave off his goatee with its lather, but Namath, who is recuperating in Florida from his knee operation, declared the offer—perceived through his lawyers, *Ble, Ble and Ble* of Birmingham—was "a piddling amount. I didn't feel like going all the way back to New York to do the commercial for what they offered." All hope for the deal went down the drain last Friday when Jet Set Joe shaved unserved. "I grew the goatee because I saw the malfre d' at Jilly's South in Miami Beach with a really great one," Joe said. "But I guess I'm the only one who liked it. Sorry Werhlin was about to have a nervous breakdown over it. Abraham Lincoln had a beard, and nobody got

after him for it." Not even an ad agency.

Just about the time that CBS bought the Yankees, it sold Cushman Island, a deserted transmitting station in Long Island Sound, to Actor-Singer **Peter Land Hayes**, together with a 38-foot boat to ferry his visitors back and forth to the mainland. But not long afterward the boat, like the Yankees, began settling to the bottom. After two years, Hayes has come up with a remedy for his sinking ship, a newly developed plastic paint called *Sav Cote*. Is there something called *Sav Teem*?

The topic of Bishop **Fulton J. Sheen's** TV sermon last week was false compassion, and in it he denounced "soft judges" and social workers who go too easy on murderers, robbers and dope addicts. False compassion, he declared, was a product of the times. Then he went on to list other evils. Alcohol, he said, was the great evil of the past and dope the greatest evil of the present. "And do you know what I suspect will be the next evil to take over our society?" he asked his audience. There was an uneasy hush. "Bullfighting!" said the bishop.

While attending a harness horsemen's banquet in Boston recently, Minnesota Twins Manager **Sam Mele** was summoned onto the stage, given kilts and a bagpipe and asked to perform for the 800 dinner guests. He rolled up his pants, wrapped himself in tartan and piped a piece (*trighh*). "It was my first experience with either the bagpipes or kilts," Mele explained later. "Actually I'm not very musically inclined." It did not matter. Backstage a phonograph played an appropriate tune, and Mele was simply lovely in a kilt.

Cathy Douglas, the 23-year-old wife of Supreme Court Justice **William O. Douglas**, showed Washington society the other night that she was no babe in the woods. While attending a

White House dinner, she was explaining to Secretary of the Interior **Stewart Udall** that she preferred wilderness areas to national parks. She was interrupted by Actress **Jean Crawford**, who was sitting four seats away at the dinner table. Said Miss Crawford acidly, "Now that you've come up in the world you can afford to like the wilderness." Unawed, if not undaunted, Cathy Douglas replied, "There's nothing that costs less than taking a sleeping bag into the woods for a vacation."

In at least one way the British found out last week that Prime Minister **Harold Wilson** is not enjoying his taste of power. Twice a year, since the days of Charles I, the king's ministers and a few other important officeholders have been offered a quarter of a stag shot in the royal park of Richmond in the center of London. The price, £1, is a paltry sum for a princely meal. Two weeks ago the head gamekeeper at the park put on his deerstalker's hat and set off with his rifle to fill this winter's orders for venison. One came from the Bishop of London, another from the Lord Mayor, and there were six from members of the Cabinet. But the Prime Minister declined his share.



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THE ACTION IS FURIOUS BUT TYPICALLY UNREVENTFUL AS THE CUTE AND CAUTIOUS ARCHER MISSES "FOGGED-OUT" GRIFFITH

## *Repeat for the best negative fighter around*

All Joey Archer had to be was a bit more aggressive. He was less so than ever in his second bout with Middleweight Champ Emile Griffith and, predictably, lost to a man who would rather shop than fight

It seemed as if the three of them had never left the dim room in the belly of the Garden, as if they were was figures and the room was a museum dedicated to losers. Freddy Brown, the trainer who looks like a trainer should, prowled from corner to corner. Jimmy Archer, the brother and manager with a water-front manner, stood on the edge of the crowd circling the table, his eyes empty. Joey, his long, pole legs swinging slowly, sat on the table and held an ice bag on a cut below his right eye.

"How could dey?" muttered Freddy, his beautifully disarranged face expressing disgust. "How could dey gne 'em the first round? Dey know nothin'."

"I don't know how they judge fights here," said Joey. "This is the second time they gave me the business in the Garden."

Nothing had changed—same dialogue, same pictures—since Joey had reached out for Emile Griffith's middle-

weight title last July and lost on a split decision. Yet there was a certain quality to his anger and bitterness that first time, and you could feel it and you wanted to believe him, because he alone had made the evening special, made it hum like a huge electric cable. The Archer who brooded last week was just performing. Had he performed as well in the ring he would now be the champion.

"I'll give him this, though," says Gil Clancy, Griffith's co-manager. "He's the best negative fighter around. He's some guy to fight. He's never there, and he's always ready to run."

That, of course, is exactly the kind of fight Archer made against Griffith. It is the only fight Archer knows how to make, and it is a style—move, jab, think, defend—that has always belonged to the Irish. Stand-up Irish fighters they called them in another time, and even now in certain musty old saloons in New York their yellow photographs hang high

on the wall behind the long, stained bars. The legend is Archer's appeal, and from the crowd's standpoint it made his first fight and second fight with Griffith two of the most galvanic nights in recent Garden history. Archer, however, contends that his style is not appreciated by ring officials today, that it has cost him in two fights with Griffith. Perhaps, but Archer—12 pounds heavier and an inch taller—has never stepped out and handled Griffith, technically or physically.

The most impressive aspect of Archer's fight was the brilliant way in which he protected his eye. Cut early in the second round, Archer never gave Griffith a chance to work on the wound. He clutched Griffith, grabbed his neck, spun him, danced out of danger and fell into his natural rhythm of stack and jab. After six rounds, Archer was leading, 4-2. Griffith seemed uninterested. Possibly Archer bored him, or maybe he

was thinking of his white poodle, Don Achilles, or his 35 suits, or the mob of relatives he supports.

"You've got to come on, Emile, or you'll blow the title," warned Clancy in Griffith's corner. "Put the pressure on him and fight."

Griffith began to take command in the next round. He won the seventh, eighth and the ninth, in which he scored with a spectacular triple hook; Griffith is often a sloppy puncher, but these hooks were the best and most exciting punches he has thrown in years. Emile lost the tenth ("logged out" again," said Clancy) but got serious again in the 11th and stayed in the fight the rest of the way. Going into the last two rounds, Archer had to win both of them just to gain a draw.

"Joey Archer fought better the first time," said Griffith. "The first time he was hungry for my title. This time he wanted the money—that's all."

Not many—not even the vocal Archer followers who lined the Eighth Avenue bars—could be genuinely critical of the decision. Archer did not make a gallant or inspired bid for the title, and Griffith had made the fight. To be certain, it was not an entertaining bout, but it did have a few artistic moments, composed mostly of Archer's artful dodging and Griffith's flashes of creative punching.

"Emile," says Clancy, "was brilliant in spots, but also quite poor in places." Clancy pointed to the triple hook, the up-jab, which Griffith began using in the 10th, and the intelligent "setting up of punches." The mistakes? Griffith went into his deep fog twice, and he did not do enough fighting on the inside. Fogging out is a problem that Clancy may never defeat, and it is one that has separated Griffith from greatness. It has also been responsible for a number of unimpressive and dull fights. Everyone keeps waiting for Griffith, who seems so able, to come up with a sensational fight, or even just a commanding fight, but he never does.

The reason is quite obvious, Griffith simply does not like to fight; the fact that he killed Benny (Kid) Puret, he says, has not haunted him or diminished his punching power. He just did not want to be a fighter from the beginning, and only great persuasion by Howie Albert, his former employer and present co-manager, shoved him into the ring. "I got tired of listening to him," Griffith

continued

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**BOXING** / Continued

says. Still, Emile has learned to accept the ring as a way of life just as he accepts Clancy's commands, occasional face slaps and the constant torture of training. It is also quite true that Griffith cannot afford not to fight.

Griffith, at 29, has earned nearly \$1,000,000 during his eight-year career, but he has not held on to much of it. He spends big—on cars, clothes, the good life—and were it not for Clancy and Albert he would not have a cent. The managers constantly goad him to be more frugal, to stop spending all of his money on his relatives, but Griffith is not listening anymore. There is no tomorrow, just today for Emile. He always borrows against the next fight, and it never occurs to him that someday he may not be the champion. Now, it appears, Griffith is weary of the preachments of Albert and Clancy. He no longer seems to want to be treated as a child, and he is rebelling—in and out of the ring.

"I live good, that's right, but I pay for it with my body," says Griffith. "Nobody else does. I don't want them bothering me about my money. Clancy and Albert, they live good off me. So why shouldn't I, and why shouldn't all my family?"

Griffith seems to want his independence in the ring, too. He has always been considered a mechanical fighter, a remote-control fighter who could not function without Clancy's finger on the button. During a fight Griffith often could be seen looking back at his corner for a message from Clancy who was always screaming, coaching, exhorting and complaining. Against Archer, Griffith seemed independent of Clancy. He was fighting on his own.

"I had to pick Emile up after the sixth and 10th rounds," says Clancy, "but overall it was a very calm night for me. He is a better fighter now than ever. He's more relaxed than he used to be and certainly more capable."

Maybe this is so, but many observers do not share Clancy's opinion. Griffith's relatives, of course, are not among them.

"How long do you think he can be champion?" his mother was asked.

"Forever," Esmeralda said, standing in the Garden lobby and wearing a dress of brutal yellow. "Forever, my Junior can be champion."

"Yeah," shouted Cousin Bun-ard. "Forever and ever."

**END**



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## How to tell if everything is under control



FRANCIS GOLDEN

*The right knee has hardly moved at the completion of backswing (left), but is flying forward after impact.*

Many golfers think that overswinging automatically creates more power, that there is a direct ratio between the size of the swing and the power it generates. But this thinking is wrong. You get maximum power only by swinging within what I like to think of as the confines of your feet. There are two basic rules governing this: 1) you do not want to let your weight be on the outside of your right foot during the backswing, and 2) you do not want your weight on the outside of your left foot until after you make contact with the ball. Here is how I work with the knees, ankles and feet during my swing. I start with my weight evenly distributed

on the balls of my feet. As I shift my weight to the inside of my right foot on the backswing, I roll my left foot in. The left knee turns in naturally, but the right knee remains fairly stationary. Now, as I come into the ball, my right knee turns and my weight moves off the ball of my right foot and onto my left. The right knee, meanwhile, is moving straight at the hole. After impact the weight moves farther, until it is on the outside of the left foot. Eventually my weight is far to the left, and my right heel is well off the ground. This may give the impression of overswinging, but it is not until the ball has been hit that the weight gets outside of the left foot.

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## The flashy Leghorn Diamond

Late last month one of the most esteemed members of Italy's World Championship Blue Team, Benito Garozzo, disclosed that the team may not defend its title this spring because its boss, Carlo Alberto Perroux, the czar of Italian bridge, wants to replace two of his six men (SI, Jan. 23). Perroux's determination to do this has led Garozzo and Pietro Forquet, two of Italy's best players, to say they will not compete unless the team is kept intact.

One of the more interesting sidelights of this situation is that if Perroux does get his way and manages to quell any rebellion by his aces, the opponents of the Italian team are going to be facing an even wilder bidding system than the ones they have seen—and been unable to cope with—in the past.

What Perroux proposes to do is banish the oldest member of the Blue Team, Walter Avarelli, and Mimmo D'Alelio, the player he has most often kept on the bench when the pressure was high. He would use their respective partners, Giorgio Belladonna and Camillo Pabis Tici, as a pair, leave Forquet and Garozzo intact and complete the team with two newcomers from Leghorn,

Benito Bianchi and Giuseppe Messina.

Both Bianchi and Messina are in their early 40s. They have had considerable international experience and have played for Italy in several European Championships. Among the advantages they would bring to the team is the fact that they would force their opponents to learn yet another very artificial Italian system: the Leghorn Diamond.

The Neapolitan Club already provides an exchange of information about high cards. The Roman Club emphasizes distributional information. The Leghorn Diamond is designed to add a further way to elicit information about both high-card strength and distribution, employing an artificial one-diamond opening, as well as an artificial one club. When the right hand comes along for the system, there is no doubt that it gleams information that no other method can provide with the same accuracy. The deal shown, from the 1965 European Championships, was perfect for Leghorn.

When Brian held the North-South cards, South opened with an artificial forcing bid of two clubs, and the British stopped at five hearts.

The Leghorn Diamond let the Italians get to the slam with ease. The opening bid was artificial and forcing. Messina's heart response did not show a suit, but simply denied any ace or king. Bianchi's spade bid was asking, and Messina's one no trump revealed that he had either one spade or none. Bianchi's two hearts was still another asking bid, and Messina's answer, three clubs, showed either four or five hearts without any of the three top honors. Bianchi's leap to six hearts was the first natural bid of the auction. He had learned that his partner could ruff the second round of spades, had enough trumps to make the suit playable for only one loser, and that was all he needed to know. Messina, the declarer, had to concede a trump trick to West's queen-jack-6, but he was able to ruff three leads of spades and set up that suit to bring home the slam.

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Neither side vulnerable  
North dealer

WEST		EAST	
♠ K 8		♠ Q 6 1 3	
♥ Q J 6		♥ 8	
♦ 10 9 5		♦ K 8 7 6	
♣ Q J 8 7 5		♣ 9 6 4 2	

NORTH (11)	
♠ A J 10 9 7 5	
♥ A K 10 2	
♦ A	
♣ A K	

NORTH (11)	EAST	NORTH (11)	WEST
PASS	PASS	1♠	PASS
1♥	PASS	1♦	PASS
1N-1	PASS	2♥	PASS
1♠	PASS	4♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 2 of clubs

END

## The toe that stopped a show

A good horse won Santa Anita's big race, but Buckpasser was back in the barn with an aching hoof, so it was just another \$100,000 affair

The Charles H. Strub Stakes, for 4-year-olds at a mile and a quarter, is the first \$100,000 race on the U.S. calendar. Last week's fifth running at Santa Anita should have been the occasion of Buckpasser's 15th straight victory and official recognition by West Coast doubting Thomases that one of the great horses of our time was in their midst. But instead of parading proudly to the post before a crowd of 52,483 in the foothills of the smog-hidden San Gabriel Mountains, the 1966 Horse of the Year spent the day in pain in stall 20 of barn 37, his right forefoot soaking in a tub of hot water and Epsom salts.

In Buckpasser's absence—and partly because his starting status had been questionable all week—an even dozen runners turned out for the Strub, and it was

won by the best horse, Howard Keck's Drin, by one length over Lou Rowan's long shot Quicken Tree. But despite the importance of the event Drin's victory probably will be talked about as "the Strub that Buckpasser missed." Drin's trainer, Charlie Whittingham, who has now won more stakes at Santa Anita than any other trainer in history (31), was the first to concede this. Describing his son of Bagdad, who had managed to win only five of 15 races before the Strub, Whittingham said, "Drin isn't a top horse, but he's the good, honest type that tries all the time. The fast pace and Buckpasser staying back in the barn did it for us."

It was a good description of the race. Fleet Discovery and Model Fool took the early lead while Jockey Laffit Pincay Jr. followed Whittingham's instructions to lay off the pace eight or 10 lengths. The quarter was run in 22½, the half in 45½ and the first six furlongs in 1:10½, so Pincay had no trouble wheeling Drin around the field from ninth position up to fourth, and finally to the lead just inside the 16th pole. "He rode a perfect race," said Whittingham, who now appears to have a stacked deck for the \$100,000 Santa Anita Handicap on Feb. 25. In addition to Drin, Charlie has Keck's Saber Mountain, back in top form after 11 months of inactivity, and Llangollen Farm's Pretense, a recent winner over Native Diver.

On the racetrack or in the barn, Buckpasser made the news in California—as he has been doing since he arrived weeks ago. In his first start of the winter he won the seven-furlong Malibu, beating Drin (who was second) and other West Coast specialists at their own sprinting game. Two weeks later, at a mile and an eighth, he won the San Fernando over Fleet Host and Pretense (Drin was fifth), and picked up new admirers every step of the way. He became the perfect "house" horse, beating everything sent against him by only as much as he had to, thus

giving all owners on the grounds some hope that one of their horses actually had a chance to beat him. Of course, none did.

Early last week, however, trouble hit the champion for the second time within a year. Last March, after winning the Flamingo at Hialeah, Buckpasser developed a crack on the inside quarter of his right front foot. A special patch was applied, but the colt was forced to miss three months of racing, including all the Triple Crown events. When he returned to action on June 4 he was good as new and rolled up his winning streak to a near-record 14.

Trainers and veterinarians find it difficult, if not impossible, to pinpoint the reasons for any specific quarter crack, but in Buckpasser's case it is more than likely that an excessively dry or thin wall of the hoof is the weakness that leads to the crack. At any rate, five days before the Strub, Buckpasser suffered a recurrence of the injury, and Trainer Eddie Neloy immediately had a new patch applied by Joe Grasso, who treated the colt a year ago. The purpose, said Neloy, "was to keep the crack from running into the coronary band."

That was on Monday. On Wednesday, Neloy told the press what he had done, and he notified track officials that his Strub starting status depended entirely on whether the inflammation "in the area of the coronary band" subsided in the next few days. That night the point of inflammation abscessed and broke, and on Thursday morning Buckpasser worked a half mile in 48. So pleased were Neloy and Owner Ogden Phipps that they announced Buckpasser was an almost certain starter. "I'm afraid the trouble was that we were trying to do two things at once," said Phipps later. "We were trying to keep him in the race and get him well. As a result, neither worked."

In order to get him well, Buckpasser's wound was closed by the patch. "We tried to do in four days what takes nature three weeks," said Neloy. Barely 24 hours before the race the infection spread to the coronary band. On Saturday morning Buckpasser was standing bravely in his stall like a man with a boil on the bottom of his foot. He was in pain and could not stand properly, and there was absolutely no question that he would have to be scratched. "Thank God this is a temporary thing," said



BUCKPASSER, SCRATCHED AND PATCHED

Neloy, "not like a break or even a bow, and we are all confident he will come back from it just the way he did last year."

Be that as it may, whenever a name horse is suddenly withdrawn from a major stakes after weeks of publicity build-up there is criticism from those who feel cheated. "The track wants the full house," they say, "and they tell us the big horse won't run at the last minute." All aspects of this affair were open and aboveboard, however, in keeping with the high standards of both Santa Anita management and Eddie Neloy. At 4 p.m. Friday, Neloy suspected the inflammation was spreading, but he thought Buckpasser had an outside chance to make the race. On the morning of the Strub he planned to take the colt on the track at 7 instead of the usual 8:15, in order, if things got worse, to scratch him before the Santa Anita programs went to press and also to catch every early morning news broadcast. At 7:10 Neloy made up his mind, and the news was on every regular broadcast beginning at 8 a.m.

Buckpasser's future depends entirely on how fast he recovers. "It is conceivable," said Ogden Phipps, "that this could clear up in less than a week. In that case Buckpasser would miss only one or two works and he might even get to the Widener at Hialeah on Feb. 18." Mrs. Phipps takes a different view. "Now he can get some rest, which he needs," she said. "Looking ahead to a long season, this may be a blessing in disguise. We'd still like to get him to England and the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot on July 15." Neloy isn't making any predictions. All along he has said, "We want to get him to Europe this summer and back for the weight-for-age races in New York this fall." My own hunch is that Buckpasser will leave for Hialeah within a week or so, get his much-needed three, or even four, months' rest and make his next start at Aqueduct sometime in May.

For Neloy, Saturday was all bad news. As he was leaving his motel to determine Buckpasser's condition, he received a long-distance call from Miami. In one of those freak accidents, a colt by Bold Ruler out of Stepping Stone (thus a full brother to Bold Monarch) broke his leg while galloping at Hialeah and had to be destroyed.

END



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# ONE TOUGH LITTLE GUY

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Saul Silberman, owner of Tropical Park, has been battling with politicians, racing commissions and newspapermen all his life. Only the horses he bets on defeat him

Sam (The Genius) Lewin says that when it comes to picking horses his pal Saul Silberman, the former rabbinical student who owns Tropical Park racetrack, can just about tell a *vermuke* from a fetlock. The Genius keeps their friendship fresh by telling what a terrific loser Saul is. "The little man bets to be betting," says The Genius. "If there were 10 races on the program Saul would bet 11. He's like those little old ladies that go to Las Vegas and sit all day at the slot machine throwing quarters away."

Here is Sam, sitting in Saul's glass-enclosed box in the Turf Club at Miami's Tropical Park, smoking a cigarette through a holder and looking through field glasses at the horses being bullied into the starting gate. It is just before the second race. The Genius is relaxed. He has made all his bets for the day in advance because he does not want to be swayed by hot information. Not Saul. He is out with a group of manicured players, buzzing and transmitting advice like pollen, one to another, standing behind the private boxes, watching for the flash of the tote lights that raise and lower the worth of the animals.

Saul is all in royal blue, a suit with a weave you can see across a room, like burlap. His shoes have side buckles. Some days it is an all-cream outfit with white loafers. He is the class dresser of the Turf Club, but the thing that strikes you is his posture. He does not have good posture, he has great posture. It is so great he appears to be slumping backward. He is 5 feet 2 inches tall. Jim Bishop, the columnist, says Saul could stand under most of the horses that beat him. So what is size? Saul has been standing nose

to nose with big people all his life. "I don't know if you realize this or not," he says in the way of information, "but a little guy hates a big guy. Big guys are not just big guys to little guys. They're always Big Sons of Bitches." Saul admits that might explain a few things about him. He says he has always been the kind of guy you put a gun to his head he will tell you to shoot.

Once when he was building houses in Baltimore he took on a whole committee of Senators investigating FHA windfall profits ("I don't like to boast, but I tied them in knots"), and his lesser adversaries have included district attorneys, track owners, a professional football coach named Paul Brown, his own partners, newspapermen and politicians of every stripe and, on a regular basis, racing commissioners. He considers racing commissioners, politically appointed, a serious drawback to intelligent racetrack operation. "Ninety-nine out of a hundred don't know the right time," he says. Track owners like himself are "in the hands of the Philistines" when they are in the hands of racing commissions. He got up at a Florida State Racing Commission meeting once—he did not actually get up, but people there said it seemed like he did—pointed a finger and said, "What's the use of me talking. *That man's asleep.*" Only horses buffalo Saul Silberman.

The horses are at the starting gate for the second race and Saul is ready to make his move. His personal messenger, a jockey gone fat named Ernest Renzetti, is on his right, one step to the rear, ready to run for the cages before the bell rings. Saul has a racing program up to his proud, abundant chin, watching the lights over the tops of his glasses, calmly biting his lower lip. Without taking his eyes off the tote board, he says something and

*continues*

*As Silberman studies the "Daily Racing Form" before placing one of his bets, Sam The Genius explains why his friend is a terrible horseplayer.*

Renzetti scribbles it down and bolts for the \$100 window.

"You want to know how to make Little Caesar mad?" says Sam The Genius, inserting another cigarette into the holder and looking through the glass at the familiar scene. "Tell him his horse can't win. Chances are you'll be right."

Saul Silberman says it is ridiculous to think he owns a racetrack just to make his gambling more convenient, or that he sold the Cleveland Browns in 1956 because he wanted to feel ethical when he bet against them. He made a profit of \$300,000 when he sold the Browns. That is called "good business," not ethics. He says he bets for the love of it, pure and simple, and, if you must know, he bets about \$2 million a year. How can he do such a thing, his conservative friends want to know. "It's easy," says Saul. He says you have to be stupid to think that means he loses two million a year. "The money keeps flying around." He says he probably hasn't lost more than four or five million in his whole life. One time when he was struggling he went to Havre de Grace with \$40 in his pocket. He was just a kid. He put the \$40 on the nose of a horse that had not been in the habit of winning and before the day was over Saul had \$20,000. It is one of his favorite stories.

"Yeah, he did that," says The Genius. "But did he tell you about all the times he goes to the track with \$20,000 and winds up with \$40? Little Caesar is a great man, but he is definitely not an intelligent bettor."

Saul Silberman tells people he had to be successful in business to cover his gambling debts, but that is an exaggeration. At one time he was the principal stockholder of the Cleveland Browns, Randall Park Race Track, Painesville Raceway and Tropical Park, and all the while he and his partner in Baltimore, Ralph DeChiaro, were building houses. Nobody has that many gambling debts. He made rich men out of every one of his partners, then fell out with them or cut them loose or bought them out. One of his partners was the late Bill MacDonald (SI, Feb. 17, 1964), who bought 45% of Tropical in 1961 when Saul needed some help and then tried to take the track away from him in 1965 by charging that Saul borrowed on track credit and was into the track for more than a million dollars. "So what else is new?" said Saul. "I've been borrowing and betting on credit all my life." The courts suggested MacDonald forget his suit, and eventually Saul bought back the 45%, at a profit to MacDonald of \$1.75 million.

Saul Silberman is 72 years old and still so sharp he has to stop conversations to be sure everybody is keeping up—"Do you follow me? Do you get what I'm saying? I don't think you're getting this." His brilliance is unfettered by doubt, fear or humility. "I like to run things, to make things go," he says, which means, in the context of whatever enterprise he is currently operating, run everything. "Don't just say, 'They're off,'" he told his announcer,

Chuck Bang, who has been calling races for 22 years, "say, 'They're off.' Make it sound more exciting." If he had chosen baseball instead of horse racing, Saul Silberman and not Bill Vecek would be the household word, if you can imagine, and the bestseller would have been *Saul—as in Gull*. He likes to be first, to be way ahead of everybody else. He restored Randall Park to the sports pages in Cleveland by tearing down and building up, by installing the first automatic tote board in Ohio, by putting in a Turf Club and stocking it with respectable Clevelanders and by buying the Cleveland Browns. "That's right, I bought the Browns so I could get more publicity for Randall Park, pure and simple."

Florida racing commissioners, who change according to the political wind because they are prestige appointments of the governor, have never been able to figure him out. He throws so many things at them they just naturally start delaying action the moment he opens his mouth. He has tried everything short of horses riding jockeys. The only thing he will not complain about are his dates, which are the worst of Miami's three tracks, because they begin before the tourist season is in full swing. He says he can't kick, Hialeah and Gulfstream do more business. This winter horses at Tropical ran one race a day on an all-weather composition track called Tartan, laid inside the dirt track by the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company (Saul got a good deal and a five-year guarantee, and J M helped pay off MacDonald). Tartan had been tried successfully by trotting tracks in the East, but nobody had had the nerve to try it with Thoroughbreds. Saul is unhappy with some of the prominent jockeys who did not have the nerve to ride on it.

After a minor skirmish, Silberman was allowed to add a 10th race to the Tropical program. He rammed through a breakage bill to increase the purses (and make Tropical more appetizing) for horsemen. He could not imagine the commission objecting to that, and it managed not to. He put in the "twin double," which allows the itchy bettor to try to pick four winners instead of two, for a gaudy payoff (highest to date at Tropical: \$75,002.20). Once he thought up a pic-six, which is as tough as the name implies—impossible—and he raised the price of the daily-double ticket to \$3, and then he proposed putting up a drive-in window so motorists passing by on their way home from work could bet in a quick one before supper, but the papers got on him for trying too hard and some of these passed away. Eight years ago he joined the campaign that Frederick Van Lennep had been running to bring harness racing to Florida, and it finally succeeded despite the opposition of other local sporting interests. Van Lennep's magnificent Pompano Park was the result. This month Van Lennep will shift his trotters from Pompano for a 47-day meeting at Tropical. "It only proves," says Silberman, "that right will prevail."

For years people have been watching Saul in action,

watching him hustle and make money, following the premise that what is good for Saul has to be good for the government because they're getting their cut, right? And some of these people have not only been watching—they have been trying to pin something on him. In 1957 State Attorney Richard Gerstein got up a list of 98 telephone calls made by an employee from Saul's office to a Cleveland bookie, put the list together with Saul's practice of betting on credit and the presence of a private \$100 ticket machine, and concluded that somebody in that office wasn't using Crest. *The Miami Herald* made the grand announcement: TROPICAL BOSS TAGGED AS BIG-DOUGH GAMBLER, which must have got a few laughs around the Turf Club, where Saul wasn't exactly pretending to be a \$2 better. Saul called it a witch hunt. "Gerstein is a publicity hound, everybody knows that," he said. "The whole thing is exaggerated to the nth degree."

Nevertheless, the state made a case, suggesting that the calls were for a possible bookie layoff, to get "comeback money," and that the employee in question was actually a bookie's agent. Saul said they didn't know what they were talking about, that it was ridiculous. And as for betting on credit, where is the law? "We open up the track every morning with half a million dollars in capital, which is my money. What I would do is write an IOU, take some cash and go to the \$50 or \$100 window and make a bet. The money was passing through the machines. What the hell difference does it make if a man bets on credit as long as cash is going through the window and the state gets its take? That's efficiency. I was the one taking the risk. It was my money. My promissory note. Racetracks cash personal checks all the time and what are they but promises to pay? I also had it arranged for my messenger to make bets by phone to the \$100 window. Otherwise he might get in line late and shut out somebody behind him. You see that all the time, somebody getting shut out."

**T**he case came up in April 1957, and the racing commission took away Saul's license. He appealed to the State Supreme Court. He won. The court said there was too much circumstantial evidence and that Saul's betting on credit was a negligible offense. Other than that, the only thing they made him do was yank his private machine. "That was just to save face," said Saul, "but it was stupid, too. All that machine did was make it efficient." Naturally, nobody went to jail. (Rhetorical question: Can a man be jailed for having too much *hutzpah*?) Saul got his license back. Gerstein resurrected the issue before the Senate crime investigation committee in 1961 to no avail. And in December of that year the vice-mayor of Miami presented Saul Silberman a certificate "in special recognition of his important contributions to the community."

The second race is over and it does not discredit The Gen-

ius' evaluation of the Silberman betting system ("he has no system"). Saul has successfully chosen the wrong horse again. You cannot tell the extent of his loss by the color of his cheeks, however. He says you never can, because he has a "great capacity to throw things off." He threw a party for New York sportswriters one year, chartered them in by jet, put them up in \$69-a-day rooms on Miami Beach, picked up the bar tabs, and never got a line of publicity because all the New York papers were struck at the time. "So what?" said Saul. "It was a nice party. I like parties." He got beat by a nose for a \$98,000 double, and once at Hialeah a horse was disqualified that cost him \$144,000. "and all I did was pick up the form and say, 'Who you going to bet the next race?' It's over. What you going to do? I used to tell my building partner, Ralph DeChiaro, never worry about things you can do nothing about. He used to go nuts when it rained. I'd tell him, let's go someplace till it stops. What can you do?"

The Genius is out of Saul's box, joining the group. Saul points to a horse on the program for the third race. "I like it," he says.

"Why?" yells The Genius, who is not only profound but is a peril to the cardrums. "Why today? You never liked it before, and it never won before, and it won't win, so why today?"

"The conditions are different today."

"Saul, you'll never be happy until you go broke."

Saul is smiling. He tolerates The Genius. Even when The Genius is writing on his tablecloth in the Turf Club and telling Saul what lousy stewards he has at Tropical, Saul tolerates The Genius. "Don't listen to Sam," he says. "Sam's just talking for publication." Saul moves away, looking for Julian Cole, his publicity man. Immediately he is irritated. "Where's Julian? I told him, right after the second race. We'll go down right after the second race. How can anybody be so slow and so stupid?"

Julian Cole materializes, carrying a fistful of envelopes. His posture is as bad as Silberman's is good. One tight black curl comes down over his wide forehead. His black eyes glint and move; Ideas and Strokes of Genius foment behind them. Julian might easily be called the nonpareil of Miami publicity men, if in that suffocated environment it would not be like choosing one wave over another. Julian is excellent at his job, but Saul is a believer in oligarchy. He treats Julian in the same derogatory manner he treats all his help. He has fired his waiter, Max Applebaum, every racing day for 17 years. "Why can't you do something right?" he yells at Renzetti. "Julian," he says to Cole, "you're a nice guy and the press likes you, but you're like all p.r. men. You're dead from the neck up." They all love him, Saul's help.

Cole believes you achieve a compatibility with Silberman when you realize he can do your job better than you

*Continued*



can. There was a point in their relationship when Saul asked Julian where the advertising signs were for the buses. "They're on the buses," said Julian, Saul shouted; "Which buses? What numbers? Where are the buses now?" Cole did not know. "Dammit, Julian, can't you do anything right?" "No, Mr. Silberman." "What—?" "No, because I'm stupid. Didn't you tell me I was stupid?" "What? Well..." Saul walked away. Julian is now able to recite the names, numbers and routes of 150 metropolitan buses that display Tropical Park advertising posters.

The way it is, you know you're doing a good job when Saul stops criticizing you. As a rule of the road, however, if he sees you he gives you hell. Cole and Elmer Vickers, an ex-FBI man who is the track manager and Saul's right arm, moved their offices out of the Turf Club so they would not be bumping into Saul so much. Vickers is a tall, distinguished-looking man with gray hair and a picture of J. Edgar Hoover on his office wall. He got to know Saul when he was tailing big spenders at Pamlico, making sure they bet everything at the windows. Vickers was impressed with Saul as being honest if testy and candid if blunt and has been with him 17 years. He always calls him "Mr. Silberman." Saul has told people that Vickers is the only man he is afraid to fire for fear he might take him up on it.

The stack of envelopes Julian Cole is carrying for Saul are addressed "To Our \$2 Better." Inside each envelope are a starchy \$20 bill and a note from Silberman: "Thanks for being with us, good luck." One day a season he goes around passing out 50 of these envelopes, because Tropical is known as the "friendly track" and Saul likes to perpetu-

ate the image. With his entourage, including Cole and a few photographers and reporters rounded up for the event, Saul walks down from the carpeted Turf Club to the Cuban tile of the Clubhouse, down to the grandstand, where the bare concrete is littered with losing tickets and the dress is shirtsleeve and beat-up Palm Beach and frayed cardigan instead of blazers and mink. Saul moves as easily in one place as the other. In that blue suit, with that terrific posture, he stands out. He is looking, looking, very carefully. He gives the first three envelopes to women, and one kisses him on the cheek. "See?" he says. "I'm no dope." He stops at the line where the sign says "\$2 Place" and offers an envelope to an old man in tennis shoes and a shirt with paint spots. The old man is imperious. "Do you know who I am, lad?" he says. "I'm ———, I was a medic in World War II. You can't fool a medic, you know."

"See how tough it is to give money away?" Saul says to his group. "He thanks I'm a tout. Go ahead, open it," he orders the old man. "Maybe it will change your luck." The old man lifts out the \$20 bill. He raises his eyebrows. He takes Saul's hand and shakes it firmly. "Just remember my name, lad, if you pass this way again."

The word is out now and the beggars are coming around getting in Saul's way. Saul ignores them. He goes upstairs to shake them off and to bet the third race, then comes back down with the envelopes. Out in the paddock he draws a crowd around two old ladies on a bench. They are also in tennis shoes. They are suspicious of the envelopes. They want to have him arrested for trying to push tout sheets. They take out the 20s and one holds hers up to the light. "It's counterfeit," she announces. "I ought to report



On a typical day, Silberman gets up early to see what the Miami newspapers have to say about him. From a truck, petting with a gift of a \$20 bill, he hears another claim that her gift is counterfeit, studies the field before a race from his Turf Club and gives first-second bets to messenger Ernest Rencost.

you to Mr. Silberman for passing counterfeit bills." Saul is delighted. "If it's counterfeit, I'll give you another just like it. Here." She reads the note, Saul starts to leave. "You forgot something on this note," the old woman says. "You forgot to put, 'Thanks sucker.'" Saul laughs all the way back to the Turf Club.

Saul Silberman and his handsome, nongambler wife, Lillian, live in a \$250,000 waterfront home on Miami Beach with three servants who have been with them forever and a black poodle named Nappy, which is short for Napoleon (Little Napoleon is Saul's other nickname). Pete, the Filipino cook, has a fashionable accent that Saul says is getting suspiciously thicker every year. The house has four guest rooms, his-and-her Innars by the heated pool, which Saul walks laps around and swims laps across (at the shallow end); it has 13 television sets, Oriental rugs, a sign at the bar that says "I am the master of this house, whatever my wife says shall be done," and it has 10 bathrooms, all immaculate and piled high with fancy little bars of soap. Saul has a great predilection for cleanliness. He has been known to insult waiters who served him with dirty towels over their arms. He inspects bathrooms carefully. He cancelled his account at the Zephyr Room in Cleveland because the faucets snapped back, so the management put in new ones, the kind that stay on, and sent Saul a special invitation to return.

The Silberman den is a repository for trophies and plaques from the hospitals and high schools and Khoury League baseball teams that enjoy the Silberman largesse. Long years ago, during the Depression, Saul was a \$5-a-house appraiser for the Home Owners' Loan Corporation

and worried about the staying power of the checks he gave the grocer. Now he gives money away like he was trying to set a record. The other night, in the Napoleon Room (no connection, only coincidence) of the Denuville Hotel on Miami Beach, Saul got up to receive the Good Samaritan Award as the Variety Children's Hospital Man of the Year, and while he was up being applauded he thought struck him to pledge another \$50,000, which he did before he sat down. A 56-bed surgical floor at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital is called "The Silberman Pavilion."

It is here, in the glistening den, on a Sunday afternoon when the Silbermans have open house and friends drop in to try Pete's flambe, that the man of the house gathers up his Scotch and ruminates about his life and how he got into this mess and out of that one. He happens to be a great storyteller. So what came first, his bar mitzvah or his first million? "Don't ask questions," he says. "I'll answer your questions before you ask them."

Saul was the seventh of 10 little Silbermans and barely 15 years old when he got out of high school. This was in Baltimore, where his father manufactured women's clothing and got a name for himself settling neighborhood problems out of court. "I'm not exaggerating," says Saul. "When my father died he had a police escort, a funeral so big you'd think he was President of the United States." Nathan Silberman was an Orthodox Jew. His wife Sophia claimed to be a descendant of 80 rabbis. She dreamed of little Saul in a white robe and a *tallit* (prayer shawl) and a skullcap. Her argument was they already had an engineer, doctor and lawyer among the sons, what else was there? She schemed and Saul wound up at the Hebrew Union Col-

continued

## ONE TOUGH LITTLE GUY *continued*

lege in Cincinnati, which is part of the Reform branch of Judaism. "My father's friends couldn't believe it. 'How can you put up with this, Saul going to the Reform branch?' The Orthodox Jews hated the Reform Jews. My father just shrugged. 'This way he'll at least be half a Jew. The other way he's nothing.'"

Saul did not feel the call. The only thing he remembers about rabbinical school was a card game. "We didn't have a dorm and I was renting from this widow woman, a very devout Catholic. She looked 90 to me, but she was probably about 50. It was Christmas Eve. Her son, sort of a wayward kid, appeared on the scene, and she was the happiest woman on earth. That night four of us sat down to play cards. We played 500. Don't ask me what 500 is because I can't remember, but it was sort of the forerunner of bridge. The son had gotten into the theatrical business and he was successful, you could see it all over him. Anyway, we're playing cards, it got to be late, 12 or one o'clock, and the mother was talking about going to bed. Somehow she knew the boy hadn't been to Mass in a long time, and out of the blue she says to him, 'Do me a favor. I want you to go to Mass in the morning.' He didn't want to go to Mass any more than the man in the moon. So he says, 'If Saul will go to Mass I'll go.' She turns to me, and I said, 'Sure, I'll go.' It was a 4 o'clock Mass and he didn't think I was going to any 4 o'clock Mass and we just kept playing. But at 4 o'clock I had him with me, kneeling right down beside him on those little benches. You a Catholic? You know what I mean. After that I was the star boarder. And that's what I remember about rabbinical school."

After his second year Saul was summoned to the school office. "The secretary said he was disappointed in me. I only had an average grade of 96. I know that sounds like boasting, but I had been taught by a very famous rabbi. I was supposed to get 100. 'We think you're not interested,' he said. It rankled me."

**T**hat summer Saul went to work for a real-estate company in Baltimore and sold a \$100,000 life-insurance policy to a big you-know-what, a man 6 feet 3 and head of a banking firm, and realized a \$900 commission. He sold some more. He began playing the stock market. He got to be known as the Boy Speculator. "In those days it was easy to walk into a broker's office, put up \$300, say, for 10 shares of stock that might be \$100 a share, leaving \$700 owed, then sell before you had to pay interest. You sold something you didn't have, hoping the market would go down and you could buy it back. The idea was to buy long and sell short. I was what you call a short seller. One day President Wilson made a peace feeler, and the market went down and I made a killing, proportionately speaking. There were rumors that Bernard Baruch made a killing because he was

adviser to Wilson. To him a killing might mean three million. To me it was \$10,000, overnight." Saul did not go back to rabbinical school.

The Boy Speculator began law studies at the University of Maryland, then enlisted in the Army and went to France to help subdue the Kaiser as an interpreter for the 39th Engineers. His reaction to Army life was instinctive. "I hated to be told what to do. I always wanted to know why. My nickname got to be 'Pourquoi.' " Saul says he was too young at the time to realize the full potential of a French-speaking American soldier in wartime France.

He came back a corporal and joined his cousin in the real-estate business, selling small houses \$1 down, \$10 a week. One day at Havre de Grace he got a tip on a horse named Lounger from a lawyer they had worked with. "Lounger was supposed to be a fast-track horse, but I got word he was great in the mud. It was muddy that day and the horse opened at 2 to 1 and steadily went up to 5 to 1, and I kept betting him. Most I had ever bet was 10, 20 dollars tops. This time I bet \$200, and Lounger won, and I was taken. I thought I really knew something about horses."

Saul had made his first fortune building houses when the market busted him in 1930. He went to work appraising for the HOLC, and got up to 20 houses a week, which meant \$100, and those days you could live on \$100 a week. Then he went with the FHA as a field representative. "I'm not boasting but I got more people to take loans from the FHA than anybody. It was new then, just getting off the ground." Saul was rolling again. He borrowed \$565,000 to build a 180-unit apartment complex, came up \$100,000 short and, dipping into his reserve of *hutzpah*, went back to his creditors and suggested the only way they could get their money back was to sit tight and trust him. They did. He arranged another loan, finished the buildings and soon the money began to pour in.

There was a pretty young secretary in the HOLC office in those days. Her name was Lillian, and Saul pestered her for dates. He drove by her house in the morning, and if she had already taken the bus he would drive along behind the bus, honking his horn, until she finally got off. He sneaked a kiss at her desk one day, on the right cheek, figuring she couldn't angle much of a reply from that side. Lillian fooled him. "I was left-handed. I popped him good." Eventually she surrendered. They have been married 29 years.

With his building partner Ralph DeChiara, Saul bought Randall Park in Cleveland in 1950, "only because it was good business, good speculation, that's all. I looked at it from the standpoint if it didn't make money the land was still worth it." Things began to happen at Randall. A sportswriter called up to find out what was all that hammering out there. "If you want to know come and see for yourself," Saul replied. A lot of people did. The daily han-

dle went from \$125,000 to almost \$500,000. "My baby," Saul called Randall.

One day he got a call from Dan Sherby, who, with Mickey McBride and a couple of others, owned the Cleveland Browns. "I was in Florida. Dan said, 'Saul, Mickey and I want you to buy the Browns.' I knew Mickey McBride was a very rich man. Getting money for the Browns didn't mean a thing. He didn't have to stick anybody. I said, 'Dan, is it worth the money?' He said yeah. I said, 'I'll take it.' I never saw a statement. Never saw a statement of Tropical Park, either. It didn't matter. Instinctively I knew these things. I don't care what the other fellow does. I know what I can do. The Browns weren't what they are today. They were drawing 25-30 thousand people, and it rained or snowed every Sunday. TV rights went for \$150,000, now they get a million. It didn't mean a thing. The racetrack meant more. I figured if I lost \$100,000 it would be worth more to the track in publicity.

"They wanted \$300,000 cash, \$300,000 carry. I took in some Clevelanders, Ellis Ryan and Dave Jones as partners. They'd been with the Indians and stood well in Cleveland. They represented the top Gentiles in the community. It was a fusion, Jew and Gentile. This way I'd get better standing in the community for Randall.

"I believe McBride selected me because he thought I was a scrapper. I think he felt I'd fire Paul Brown. I remember what Brown said when we were introduced to the players. 'Here are the owners,' he said. 'As soon as we get rid of them we'll get down to business.' He didn't give a damn. He had a hell of a contract, full power to hire and fire. He was kingpin, because he was a winner. I sent for him once and we had a talk. I said, 'Paul, you've got enough to do coaching the team. Why don't you stay out of the office, and we'll raise your salary and you won't have as much to do. You'll make more and the club will make more.' (He owned 1%.) We parted friendly. He acted like he agreed. The next day the papers ran a big story: SILBERMAN TRYING TO FIRE PAUL BROWN. Well, I couldn't fire him, not in Cleveland. Not then. He was idolized. I was nothing next to Paul Brown. I even had trouble getting past the locker-room door. They finally got rid of him, but they had to pay him \$82,500 a year to do it and I think he's still getting paid. By that time I'd sold out to Jones for \$600,000."

Another couple of phone calls and Saul bought Tropical Park in 1953. First from a guy in New York, whose name Saul keeps private. "How would you like to buy Tropical Park?" the guy said. "Nat Herzfeld won't sell Tropical Park." "You didn't answer my question. We had a meeting. We selected you. We want you to buy it. Here's Nat's number in New York. He's waiting for your call." Saul talked to his lawyer, Herman Siskind. Siskind said he must be crazy, he already owned Randall, the Browns and Painesville Raceway. "Where's the money coming from?"

Eventually there was a meeting in New York, a dinner date with Jerry Herzfeld, Nat's brother. "I got there at 7:30 and it got to be 11:30 and Tropical Park hadn't been mentioned. I said, 'I thought we came here to talk about Tropical Park.' 'Oh, are you interested?' 'What the hell you think I'm here for?' 'O.K., you can have it for a number of dollars.' 'I'll take it.' You could hear a pin drop. They were dumbfounded. They expected some negotiation. Finally, one of them said, 'What do we do now?'

"The next day we went to Herzfeld's office to finalize the deal. There was an Associated Press guy there, waiting outside, and I remembered I had promised Milt Ellis [executive sports editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*] the next big story because I'd asked him to hold off on the Browns announcement and somebody beat him to it. Anyway, our lawyers got hung up over a back-taxes clause, and I'm thinking more about that promise to Ellis than making the deal, so I called him, got him at the Theatrical Grill in Cleveland. I said, 'Milt, I'm going to buy Tropical Park.' 'Fine, how much money do you need?' 'I'm serious, Milt. It's a deal. Remember that promise I made? I'm paying you back. Go set up your story and I'll call you when it's final.' He said his deadline was 11:30 or something, and it got to be 11:20 and still no deal, so I called him back. 'Listen, Milt, go ahead and run the story and quote me, say I said I bought it.'

"Well, we still can't iron it out, and finally one of their guys pulls out a watch and struck a pose. 'It's one o'clock,' he said. 'You've got five minutes.' I said, 'Look, you big son of a bitch, nobody pulls a clock on me. You go to hell,' and I got my coat and hat and went for the door. I had to pull the best bluff I could. I got to the door and somebody called me back, and we quickly worked out a compromise and signed the papers. Then we all went down to Reuben's for coffee. Everybody was happy. Must have been 5:30 when we're walking out and Herman Siskind, my lawyer, says, 'Did you call Ralph?' 'No, I thought you did.' Jerry Herzfeld says, 'Who's Ralph?' I said, 'That's my partner.'

Saul Silberman today is fresh out of partners. Except for stocks and real estate, Tropical Park is his last piece of equipment. He owns 97%. When he bought it in 1953, it was worth \$2½ million; it would sell today for as much as \$12 million. He and DeChiaro split in 1961. DeChiaro wanted him to quit all the fun and games and stick to building houses in Baltimore. "He took the position that if I'd devoted my time to building, instead of a few million we'd be worth a hundred million. Maybe he's right. I don't know."

What seems to irritate those persons who find Silberman irritating is that he is no respecter of persons. Politicians, college presidents, theatrical people, football coaches, syndicated columnists come regularly to his Turf Club, and he

continued

loves to sit around when the races are over and kibitz and watch them eat the kosher salami and the special hot dogs he has flown in from Cleveland. "Bet you never had any of that at the Ponderosa," he beamed when Lorne Greene came in to try the salami. But he made Senator Frank Lausche, then governor of Ohio, put his coat back on on the hottest day of the year at Randall Park because a Turf Club rule was tie-and-coat. His fights with his fellow track owners are not sensational, but are regular. "I wish the Morris would sell Hialeah Park," he said once, "because then maybe we'd get somebody who would cooperate." His present feeling about Jimmy Donn of Gulfstream is that he "is a big hog, always after what somebody else has." (Donn wants to split Tropical's winter dates with Hialeah, and let Silberman run during the summer.)

There is a certain sense of Old Testament morality to the way Saul goes about things. He thought the Thoroughbred Racing Association high-handed when it dropped him during the trouble with State Attorney Gerstein, so when it was cleared up he allowed the TRA to reinstate him, then he resigned. "Who needs you?" he said. For years he shielded his wife from an associate who flaunted his affairs. If they were both invited to the same party, Saul would call up and find out who so-and-so was bringing, his wife or his girl friend, and if it was the latter the Silbermans stayed home. Politicians give him a pain in the saddle. "It's against the law for liquor or parimutuel plants to give money to candidates for office, but every son of a bitch who runs comes around asking for money," he says. "Politics is not honest at any level. I know for a fact that Kennedy bought West Virginia with bags full of money. I never had much respect for the Kennedys anyway, and then the other day I see a picture of Jackie Kennedy wearing a miniskirt. Awful."

There was a time at Randall when a photo finish did not sit well and the crowd downstairs was acting like it might rearrange the furniture. Against the counsel of his friends, Little Caesar walked down into the lions' den. "Now was a minute," he said, holding up his hands. He explained how close the picture showed the finish to be. He invited them to examine the picture and if anyone thought the stewards had ruled incorrectly he would pay double. He won the crowd. At Tropical one year the placing judges separated an even closer finish and made a horse named Deemster the official winner over another named Teacher. Saul took another look at the picture. He decided it was a dead heat, and the track would pay off on Teacher as well. A lot of people had already thrown their tickets away. A lot of people who never bought tickets said they threw their tickets away. Some of them weren't too smart (Tropical does not sell a "\$20 win" ticket) and could be weeded out, but the track still paid out \$22,000.

The *Miami Herald* got on him for that one. The *Herald* wanted the pictures, as is customary, but there was some

suspicious dillydallying going on and when the pressure was applied Saul reacted: "Don't put a gun to my head." He battled with Russ Harris, the *Herald* racing editor, a former college professor and perennial leading handicapper. He began a discussion of the situation with Edwin Pope, the columnist, by saying, "Listen, sonny boy," and Pope reacted to that, and what could have been smoothly handled became a *cause célèbre*.

Newspapermen just naturally get him started, and he just naturally gets them started by dropping into conversation little rejoinders like "you don't know what you're talking about" and "you don't know how to run a newspaper." He calls them "bullies." He says it is his experience that "they don't gather facts, they slant facts."

Yet for all the abuse that is volleys back and forth, newsmen wind up loving Saul Silberman, or at least respecting him. He has close friends among them. Milt Ellis, for one, is a regular at his home. Columnists Gordon Cobble-dick, Ed Bang and Franklin Lewis practically begged him to stay in Cleveland. John S. Knight, the publisher of the *Herald* and owner of racehorses, has a box at Tropical. Saul finds he can take his troubles to Knight and get a sympathetic ear. Russ Harris and the racing editor of the *Miami News*, Art Grace, say he is about the most honest thing going, and recently Jim Bishop wrote about him in the kind of glowing terms a proud, sensitive millionaire could appreciate. Julian Cole, the publicist, appreciated the column. He went running to Silberman. "What did you think of that, Mr. Silberman? Wasn't it great?" "He left out the part about me being in the Army," Saul replied glumly. "People are liable to think I was a shirker or something."

Years ago, when he was building houses, Saul Silberman made trips to New York and got an inferiority complex looking at the tall buildings. He wanted to work in New York. He thought he could move just as easily there as in Baltimore. "easier, maybe, because money is easier to get in New York." But he got over that. He became, instead, a man who built fancy turf clubs and passed out \$20 bills to \$2 bettors.

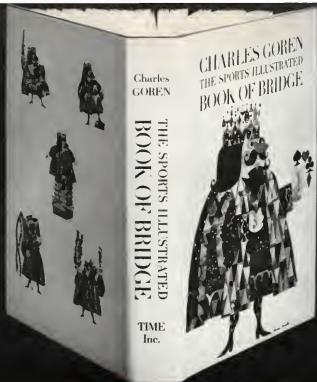
"I've lived a long time, and I don't think you can find anybody that knows me that would say I haven't played fair. I don't think anybody that made a real effort to find out would say I ever did an unclean, unfair thing in my whole life. But the things I've done in racing were done for the purpose of good business, pure and simple. Passing out the 20s, that's good publicity. It gives me a better image. At the same time, it's a pleasant way to get it."

So what is there left undone for Saul Silberman? A pig-eyght? A plasne track? Grech Stamps? Is there anything that would please him now, at 72—something that he would still like to do?

"Yes, there is," says Saul. "I'd like to win tomorrow's double."

END





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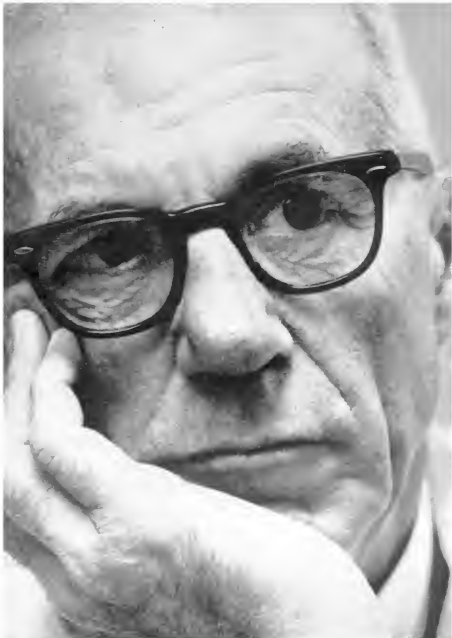
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3. Urge your community to establish workshops where the retarded who are capable of employment can be trained. At

least 85% of the retarded can help support themselves.

4. Select jobs in your company that the retarded can fill, and hire them. Many of the retarded have worked for years in offices, factories and homes to the satisfaction of their employers.

5. To learn more about the entire problem of mental retardation, write for the free booklet Address: The President's Committee on Mental Retardation, Washington, D.C.



Wouldn't it be interesting if you could  
divide up a country in two,  
try one economic system on one side,  
another on the other?

Well, somebody has.

The country, of course, is Germany. On one side of the Wall, an economy based on communism, on the other, an economy based on the free enterprise—or free choice—system.

It's the classic testing situation. After the War, the same bombed-out cities in both East and West Germany. The same depleted labor force. Same political, economic, social chaos. Practically laboratory conditions for evaluating the economic systems of free choice and communism.

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Butter is still rationed in the East and costs the worker \$1.25 a pound (two hours' average wages). Coffee sells at \$8 to \$10 a pound, chocolate \$1.20 for three ounces; gasoline \$1.40 a gallon. And the East German buys these commodities, when he can get them, out of an average salary of \$35 a week. His West German neighbor buys these same commodities at one-third the price, out of an average salary two times higher.

There seems to be a lesson in basic economics here. About central planners who set prices. Pre-determine profits. Eliminate the competition that generates research and development. Impose the standardization that encourages stagnation, apathy.

We Americans learned that lesson the easy way. Through the experience of over two hundred years of a free choice system that has worked—and still works—to the economic good of us all.

The funny thing is, there are well-meaning people right now, in our country, who'd like to make some changes in our economy. They admit it's done pretty well by us, but they'd like to "fix it a little." They think Mary Smith, the Great American Shopper, has too much choice. They think she's confused. Or, maybe, just not too bright. They think the government ought to protect her.

For instance, why should she have to choose among 17 different kinds of olives? Wouldn't it be easier if there were only four? So let's standardize. The question is: who sets the standards? You can bet it won't be Mary Smith. She's not bright enough. So, let some government official do her shopping for her.

But, we wonder, will he know that Mary's husband likes his olive with an almond in it?

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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

**BASKETBALL**—NBA. Current runner-up **BOSTON** (19-12), on a nine-game winning streak, beat leader **PHILADELPHIA** (19-14) 116-96 to break the Flyers' own nine-game victory mark and cut their lead from 19 to 7 games. Later in the week the Stars lost their first game at a Western Division club when the Hawks beat them 114-108. **CINCINNATI** (11-27) twice defeated **NEW YORK** (12-26) and edged into third place ahead of the Knicks, who lost four straight, on **BALTIMORE** (12-44) twice dropped fourth in a row. **SAN FRANCISCO** (13-34) slipped to lead in the West to 10 games with two wins and a loss, while second-place **ST. LOUIS** (23-29) split four. **LOS ANGELES** (21-18), with a 2-1 record, jumped to third, while **CHICAGO** (22-25) slipped to fourth and **DETROIT** (20-32) dropped into the cellar.

**GOLPING**—Left-hander **DAVE DAVIS** of France gained his second straight victory on the PGA tour when he outscored **BENNY MACK** of Dover, N.J. 186-188 in the finals of the Denver Open.

**BOXING**—Middleweight Champion **FLOYD GRIF-FITH** retained his title with a unanimous decision over **JOEY ANDER** at New York's Madison Square Garden (unop. 46).

In a world featherweight championship bout in Mexico City, **VICENTE SALDIVAR** of Mexico defeated his opponent as he scored a unanimous TKO over Japan's **MITSUO SUGI**.

**GOLF**—**ARNOLD PALMER** won the \$100,000 Los Angeles Open for the second straight year defeating Gary Beebe Jr. by five strokes.

**HARNESS RACING**—An Vincennes race track near Paris, France, **ROGER PRINCE**, the French trainer who won the United Nations Trot in Yorkers in October, took the 100,000 Prix d'Amérique by one length over Oscar R. L.

**HOCKEY**—**NHL**. **CHICAGO** (26-11-6) won three in a row and moved four points ahead of runner-up **NEW YORK** (22-16-7), which lost two of three games. Revisited **MONTREAL** (19-16-9) jumped a point ahead of **TORONTO** (17-18-1) into third place with three victories and a loss in the slumping Maple Leafs' extended three losing swing to seven with three more defeats. **DETROIT** (17-24-17) split two games, while **Philadelphia Flyers** (12-25-7) dropped two to five.

**HORSE RACING**—With previous favorite **Buckaway** as favorite of a hand spring, **MIKE KALA'S DREAM** (17-10), ridden by **LARRY PERRY** Sr., won the \$175,000 Charles F. Smith Stakes at Santa Anita by a length over **Questrum** (four 1:20).

**MOTOR SPORTS**—**PARNELL JONES**, driving a Ford, won the mid-land-level Riverside (K&N) 130-mile race for stock cars.

**BASEBALL**—"I'm tired," said France's **JEAN-CLAUDE KILLY** after he lost the slalom in the Grand Prix de France at Megève by less than half a second to his countryman **Guy Perle**, who posted a 2:01.32 to Killy's 2:01.70 on the two runs. Earlier in the meet Killy took the downhill by two seconds over Peter Rott of Switzerland.

**MARCELLE GOITSY HILL** of France took over first place from Canada's **Betty Gosselin** in the world 1/4-mile slalom in which she was the overall star at Saint Gervais, France, with second places in the slalom and giant slalom. **Mile** **Goitsy Hill** had 113 points, 138 for Miss Gosselin. **ERIKA SCHIEN-GORR** led the Austrian women's team to its first victory of the season as she won the giant slalom with a combined time of 3:16.78. Winner of the slalom was France's **ANNIE LAMOUR**.

**TEAM**—**ARND ROY EMERSON** gained his sixth Australian singles title when he defeated **Arthur Ashe** of the U.S. in the final in Adelaide 6-4, 4-1, 6-4. In the women's final, the U.S.'s **NANCY RICHIE** beat **Lesley Turner** of Australia 6-1, 6-4.

**TRACK & FIELD**—Southern California's **BOB SIK-GREEN**, who pulled a muscle in his back earlier in the week, broke his own world indoor pole-vault record when he cleared 17 feet 2 inches at the Albuquerque Invitational. Former Southern University sprinter **THELTON LEWIS** lowered the world 440-yard mark of **Wanda Meloy** by 1/10 seconds with a 47.3.

The three night, at the Oregon International in Portland, another world mark fell as **NEAL STEIN-HAUER** of the University of Oregon put the shot 67 feet 10 inches to better his own record of 66 feet 6 1/2 inches, set in early January. "I certainly now wanted that good look," said Steinhauser, who set the new mark on the last of six remarkable heaves—66 feet 10 1/2 inches; 65 feet one-half inch; 67 feet 7 1/2 inches; 67 feet 11 1/2 inches; 66 feet 7 1/2 inches; and 67 feet 10 inches. World ball-and-axe record.

holder **BM RYUN** of Kansas tied the 1:00.95nd race for the second time in his career and won in an impressive 2:09.9.

The outstanding performance at the British Athletic Association event was turned in by Australia's **KERRY O'BRIEN**, who edged **Toni Little** of New York to win the two-mile race in 8:25.4. For O'Brien, who had moved up from fourth in the mile, it was his second victory since he arrived in the U.S. at the beginning of the week. Two nights earlier, at the Madison Games in New York, he won the two-mile in 8:39.6.

**VOLLEYBALL**—Defending Champion **JAPAN** defeated the United States 15, 15-6, 15-6, 15-6 in the final to take the world women's championship in Tokyo. The U.S. played second in the tournament, which was won by four teams with seven Communist nations, led by the Soviet Union, refused to compete because tournament officials decided to call the team from the Democratic People's Republic of Korea and the German Democratic Republic pro player **Naomi Kuroki** and East Germany.

**MLB REPORTS**—**IBERD**. As head coach for the **NEW YORK** team, the **New Orleans Saints**, **TOM PEARLS**, who played nine seasons (1948-1954) as an end for the Los Angeles Rams before becoming an executive coach for three NFL teams.

**RISINGS**. California's top racing scribe, **GERRY DRENNELL**, as chairman of Columbia, the revamped 1958 American Cup champion (12-19-58) slalom, which is not scheduled for 1959. Meanwhile, **John** will beat out an eastern upstart for the honor of defending old New York's **Spartan** (Piedmont) was replaced by **BRUCE SCHNEIDER**, a Columbia's skipper in 1958.

**THIEF**. To baseball's Hall of Fame, the late **BRANCH RICEY**, the developer of the farm system and many other baseball innovations, and **LEDDY (LARRY) PARSON** **WALLER**, 60, who had 116 hitting average during his 18 seasons at the major leagues.

**TRANSFERRED**. South Carolina's 43F **MIKE GROSSO**, 19, who played basketball at SC during his freshman year (averaging 22.7 points a game) but was declared ineligible this season by the N.A.A.A. and the Atlantic Coast Conference, to the University of Louisville. Grosso may be eligible to play basketball for the Cardinals next season.

## CREDITS

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Phil Bell 144; Jimmy Smith 12; Stan Henderson 10; Mar. 144; (10-14-58) 11; (10-14-58) 12; (10-14-58) 13; (10-14-58) 14; (10-14-58) 15; (10-14-58) 16; (10-14-58) 17; (10-14-58) 18; (10-14-58) 19; (10-14-58) 20; (10-14-58) 21; (10-14-58) 22; (10-14-58) 23; (10-14-58) 24; (10-14-58) 25; (10-14-58) 26; (10-14-58) 27; (10-14-58) 28; (10-14-58) 29; (10-14-58) 30; (10-14-58) 31; (10-14-58) 32; (10-14-58) 33; (10-14-58) 34; (10-14-58) 35; (10-14-58) 36; (10-14-58) 37; (10-14-58) 38; (10-14-58) 39; (10-14-58) 40; (10-14-58) 41; (10-14-58) 42; (10-14-58) 43; (10-14-58) 44; (10-14-58) 45; (10-14-58) 46; (10-14-58) 47; (10-14-58) 48; (10-14-58) 49; (10-14-58) 50; (10-14-58) 51; (10-14-58) 52; (10-14-58) 53; (10-14-58) 54; (10-14-58) 55; (10-14-58) 56; (10-14-58) 57; (10-14-58) 58; (10-14-58) 59; (10-14-58) 60; (10-14-58) 61; (10-14-58) 62; (10-14-58) 63; (10-14-58) 64; (10-14-58) 65; (10-14-58) 66; (10-14-58) 67; (10-14-58) 68; (10-14-58) 69; (10-14-58) 70; (10-14-58) 71; (10-14-58) 72; (10-14-58) 73; 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# Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

## THE MIDWEST 1. LOUISVILLE (16-2) 2. KANSAS (12-3) 3. TOLEDO (13-0)

The big basketball weekend in Chicago, starting UCLA's Lew Alcindor and a cast of six teams, was almost wiped out by the worst snowstorm in the city's history. But Friday night's doubleheader was rescheduled for Sunday afternoon, and about 15,000 fans somehow found their way to the Chicago Stadium for Saturday night's tripleheader.

TEXAS WESTERN, even without academically ineligible Bobby Joe Hill, was too much for Brigham Young. The tough Miners, mauling the Cougars hard and shooting accurately from outside, broke up BYU's zone early and went on to win 85-76. NOTRE DAME, streaking after a bad start, routed Illinois 90-75 for its fifth straight win.

Still, the big attraction was UCLA and Alcindor. Loyola of Chicago elected to play Lew one-on-one with 6'5" Jim Tillman, an old New York school-yard playmate. Tillman did well enough for a half, several times faking Alcindor out of position and even outscoring him 17 points to 14. But Lynn Shackelford, Lucius Allen and Mike Warren got the Bruins a half-time lead. Then Lew's skills began to show. He stopped going for the fake, and Tillman got only four more points. Alcindor finished with 35, including a flashy over-the-head backward stuffer, and UCLA coasted home 82-67. "Any time they play Alcindor one-on-one," observed Coach John Wooden, "we will do nothing else but feed him the ball."

That should have been warning enough, but the next afternoon Illinois put Dave Scholz, a brash 6'7½" sophomore, on Alcindor and dared the big Bruin to do what he could. Scholz had said earlier, "The man's not perfect. I have a definite plan." Scholz's plan was to play in the corner to draw Alcindor away from the basket, but Lew refused to go. Instead he roamed underneath, blocking shots and grabbing rebounds. He threw in hooks, layups and stuffers until he had 21 field goals and 45 points. Scholz scored 13 baskets, but it was little help to Illinois. UCLA won 120-82. The second game (Brigham Young-Loyola) failed to materialize when BYU refused to play for religious reasons. "I believe in athletics," said BYU President Dr. Ernest L. Wilkinson, "but they do not supersede the Ten Commandments."

LOUISVILLE was ready for Bradley when the Braves tried to stop the Cards with a zone defense and a slowdown. Butch Beard

cut loose on fast breaks for 20 points, Westley Unseld picked up 23 and 20 rebounds and Bradley went down 81-68. TULSA beat Wichita State 68-61 to take second place behind Louisville in the Missouri Valley, but Cincinnati was surprised by ST. LOUIS 63-60. NORTH TEXAS STATE won its second MVC game, over Drake 79-77.

With Kansas, Kansas State and Colorado all idle, it was no trouble at all for NEBRASKA to get to the top of the Big Eight. The Huskers thrashed Oklahoma 97-76 and last-place Missouri 99-82 for a half-game lead. Northwestern, its game with Ohio State snowed out, still led the Big Ten, but MICHIGAN STATE moved up a step by beating Wisconsin 68-61.

TOLEDO was going strong in the Mid-American. After a 100-90 victory over Evansville, the undefeated Rockets blasted Kent State 94-70. WESTERN MICHIGAN beat Miami of Ohio 54-50 for second place. DAYTON won twice, over Canisius 83-59 and Miami 71-55, while DE PAUL outscored Niagara 78-65. But Marquette suffered double indignity. The Warriors lost to CINCINNATI 94-92 in overtime, and Coach Al McGuire wound up in the pokey. It seems that the coach, on his way to the locker room after the game, went to the rescue when he saw a man holding Pat Smith, his center, on the floor. The man turned out to be a cop who claimed Smith had hit a spectator, and McGuire was charged with assault and battery. "It was an innocent thing," protested McGuire.

## THE SOUTH 1. NORTH CAROLINA (13-1) 2. VANDERBILT (14-2) 3. WESTERN KENTUCKY (14-1)

The balance of power in the SEC, grounded for so long in Kentucky, has shifted to the state of Tennessee. VANDERBILT and TENNESSEE are tied for first, one and a half games ahead of FLORIDA. But Vandy, coming off a 10-day layoff, had to struggle for a while against Mississippi State. The Commodores made only one of their first 15 shots, and State zoomed to an 11-point lead. Then Kenny Gibbs began to hit with hooks and jumpers in the second half. Jerry Southwood, Bo Wyant and Kenny Campbell found the range and Vanderbilt won 79-64.

Kentucky's Adolph Rupp, who always despised zone defenses anyway, was finished fooling around with them. The Wildcats were back in a man-to-man for Tennessee, and at almost snared the cautious Vols. Playing its maddening slowdown, Tennessee just

pulled ahead 52-50 in double overtime on Tom Hendrix's two free throws and a last-second block of a Louie Dampier shot by 7' Tom Borrmann. Mississippi was easier for the Vols. Boerwinkle scored 18 points as they won 62-49. LSU was a cinch for KENTUCKY, too. The Wildcats, with Pat Riley recovered from his schlingback and looking as good as ever (24 points and 13 rebounds), smashed the Tigers 102-72 to get out of the SEC cellar. "They're all picking on us," complained LSU's Press Maravich. "What was I, Coach Rupp's 759th victim? Well, that's O.K., we'll be back." Maravich sounded like a man who has an undefeated freshman team—and he has.

After a respite for exams, the ACC wore the same old look. First-place NORTH CAROLINA polished off Virginia 103-76 as Larry Miller poured in 38 points. Nothing worked for North Carolina State against OAK. When the Wolfpack tried a 1-3-1 zone, Bob Verga and the other Blue Devils shot over it. When State went to a man-to-man, Duke simply ran away from it to win 99-60. WAKE FOREST ran and scrambled with Davidson, and then Paul Long's 25 points shot the Wildcats out of the game. Wake won 88-74. SOUTH CAROLINA clobbered Furman 91-61, but Maryland lost to WEST VIRGINIA, the Southern Conference leader, 61-58.

The independents were making their run for tournament bids. VIRGINIA TECH (11-3) made the most of Glen Combs' hot shooting (51 points in two games) to whip Pitt 77-60 and Loyola of Baltimore 100-65. GEORGIA TECH (10-6), with Phil Wagner back in good health, had five in a row after taking Clemson 88-77 and Florida State 75-68, while MEMPHIS STATE (12-4), the country's No. 1 defensive team, beat Loyola of New Orleans 76-50 on Chuck Neal's 21 points.



THE INTIMIDATING HAND of Lew Alcindor smothered a shot by Loyola's Art Oates almost before it is launched in Chicago game.

## THE EAST 1. PRINCETON (14-1) 2. BOSTON COLLEGE (10-1) 3. ST. JOHN'S (12-2)

"We go up to Buffalo to play Canisius Saturday," said St. John's Coach Lou Caronesca one day last week. "That's all I have to say." What he meant, of course, was that not many visitors ever win in Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium. Despite 39 points by Sonny Dove and a superb defensive job on Canisius' Andy Anderson—he failed to score a field goal—the Redmen were in a 73-73 tie with five seconds to play. Then the Griffin John Morrison, who had scored 20 points in the second half and 26 in all, threw up a shot from the corner. It missed, but Tony Mascillo got the rebound on the other side, pivoted and whirled in a little jumper to beat St. John's 75-73. "Just like we lost to Northwestern," noted Caronesca sadly.

Unbeaten Boston had a close call in Olean, another place where many a good outside team has been frustrated. St. Bonaventure led the Rockets by 12 points with 9:20 to go, but Toledo's Bob Miller flipped in four straight baskets and pretty soon the visitors had a 70-70 tie. Don White's two-handed shot just before the buzzer won for Toledo 72-70.

PROVIDENCE and PRINCETON had their problems, too, but they managed to survive them. Jimmy Walker saved the day again for the Friars. Ball-handling, passing and shooting brilliantly, Walker scored 40 points—eight of them in overtime—to pull Providence past tough Seton Hall 91-87. Princeton never really had to worry against Penn, but Coach Butch van Breda Kolff was not happy with the way his Tigers blew a 20-point lead and won 70-66. He chewed them out for 15 minutes, then grumbled: "I don't think a good play was made all night."

Perhaps what really bothered van Breda Kolff was that Rutgers (11-2), Princeton's next opponent, was winning easily. Bob Lloyd, the nation's third-best scorer and leading foul shooter, threw in 38 points in an 82-66 whipping of Fordham. Then Rutgers trounced Lafayette 90-58 as Lloyd got 22 and Jim Valvano scored 24.

TEMPLE's cagey old Harry Litwak, who had not beaten St. Joseph's in nine years and 11 games, finally caught the Hawks 72-64. Litwak's strategy was simple. He matched St. Joe's press for press and had John Baum and Joe Cromer, his 6'5" sophomores, block out Cliff Anderson underneath the basket. It worked beautifully. Anderson got 22 points but only 11 rebounds. FORDHAM also broke through against Georgetown after eight losing years. The Rams upset the Hoyas 85-82.

Holy Cross, with five straight, had high hopes when it got to SYRACUSE, but the Orange, playing Coach Fred Lewis' free-lance press ("I tell them I don't know where

they're supposed to be," he says coyly), shook up the Crusaders 91-81. ARMY's winning streak, however, reached five when the Cadets took Massachusetts 68-46 and Boston U. 91-47. VILLANOVA was on the move, too, beating Penn 71-54 and Duquesne 76-60. MANHATTAN defeated St. Francis 76-64 and Hofstra 80-75 while NYU bombed Fairleigh Dickinson 92-75 as Mal Graham scored 43 points, but they both traded st. peter's in New York's Met Conference. The proud Peacocks, 12-1 overall, trimmed Loyola of Baltimore 82-74 and Wagner 109-50.

## THE SOUTHWEST 1. TEXAS WESTERN (14-2) 2. HOUSTON (14-2) 3. SMU (11-4)

For a while Arkansas had TCU, the Southwest Conference leader, in a tizzy. The Hogs, playing deliberately, were ahead late in the first half. Then Coach Buster Brannan put his Frogs into a zone press and Arkansas panicked. Sub Carey Sloan rattled in 19 points, and TCU won 78-61. "We had to do something to get them out of that ball-control game," explained Brannan.

SMU, getting ready for Tuesday's showdown with TCU in Dallas, had some troubles of its own against Oklahoma City. OCU had a seven-point lead with eight minutes to go, but sophomore Bill Voight, who scored 30 points, got the Mustangs going and they went on to win 92-82. OKLAHOMA CITY took out its frustrations on touring Hawaii. The Chiefs, pressing and shooting furiously, routed the visitors 133-85 in a roughhouse game—66 fouls were called—as Gary Gray rambled for 39 points.

## THE WEST 1. UCLA (16-0) 2. UTAH STATE (11-3) 3. PACIFIC (12-3)

Who would have thought that Utah's Jack Gardner, a leading exponent of run-and-gun basketball, would deign to use a controlled offense and a zone defense for a full 40 minutes? Well, that's what "The Fox" did against UTAH STATE—and he almost got away with it, too. His Uses, working a tight weave off a high post and feeding Center Dewitt McMyrd for 19 points, led the Aggies 61-60 with only 36 seconds to play. Then Utah State's Hal Hale upset Gardner's nest scheme. He made two free throws to give the Aggies a 62-61 victory. "We worked our game plan to perfection," said Gardner. "We would have won going away except for our 20 turnovers."

All in all, it was a dreadful week for Western AC teams. Wyoming also succumbed, to AIR FORCE 70-66 in Laramie. The Falcons, who earlier had been soundly drubbed 81-62 by COLORADO STATE's full-court man-to-man press, never even flinched when Wyoming hit them with a zone press. They simply stayed with their ball-control



FOLLOWING THROUGH after a jump shot, Vanderbilt's Bo Wyesandi crashes hard into Mississippi State's Gary Washington.

game, and Cliff Parsons, a 6'10" sophomore, shot in 23 points.

No one gave WASHINGTON a chance against tall, talented Houston, but Coach Mac Duckworth told his Huskies, "Run as hard as you can as long as you can." It was the only way, he figured, to handle the No. 3-ranked Cougars. Sure enough, with 6'6" Dave Hovde beating Houston's Elvin Hayes and Melvin Bell to the boards, Washington led 46-34 at the half. Houston fought back but never quite made it all the way. Hovde had 17 points and 17 rebounds, and Rick Stenedahl's two foul shots at the end locked up an 81-78 upset. "Our finest game," gushed Duckworth.

It didn't count in the Pacific Eight standings, but for the second time in eight days last-place OREGON had some fun with second-place OREGON STATE. OSU's Vince Fritz scored 30 points, but the Ducks won 56-55. Santa Clara fell to both STANFORD and CALIFORNIA. Stanford beat the Broncos 88-73, and Cal edged them 80-77. WASHINGTON STATE also won, over Idaho 73-60. LOYOLA of Los Angeles, meanwhile, routed San Jose State 97-79 to tie idle Pacific for the West Coast AC lead. SEATTLE, back home in congenial surroundings, ran over MONTANA State 93-73.

END

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## CRYSTAL CLEAR

Sirs:

A couple of years ago, after pro-football experts Tex Maule and Edwin Shrake incorrectly tabbed the pro champions, I became contemptuous of their abilities. Let me say, however, that this year's success more than made up for past transgressions. Maule especially was uncanny in his pre-Super Bowl reports (*Stop Those Chiefs!* Jan. 16). He not only correctly predicted the difference between the two teams in the touchdown department, he also accurately described how the victory would be accomplished. Congratulations!

DON FISCHER

Chattanooga

Sirs:

You were right. The Green Bay Packers do not blow a million dollars.

KENNETH B. BURNE

Elkhorn, Wis.

Sirs:

Your most erudite writer, Edwin Shrake, makes quite a case for the NFL as compared to the AFL (*Still a Loss, Rough Road Ahead*, Jan. 30). Because of the black-out of Ram games here in southern California, we fans look almost exclusively at the TV games of the AFL—that is, when we are not watching the college games (which cannot be beat for color, interest and satisfaction).

Perhaps we do not see as precise professional execution in the AFL, but we do enjoy the games, probably to a greater extent than do those who watch the "superior" league.

WILL SPENCER

Yucapa, Calif.

Sirs:

If the Super Bowl game showed something of the relative strength of the AFL and NFL, it also disproved the notion that the Packers are a colorless and dull football team. If the Packers' precision football is dull, then so was the conducting of Arturo Toscanini.

BRUCE H. KARNOFF

Toronto, Ont.

## YES, VIRGINIA

Sirs:

Congratulations on the article, *Belle of the Movies* (Jan. 23), by Virginia Kraft. It was wonderfully written, with superb photographs. Although I have never even seen a dopsled, let alone a sled-dog race, I could feel the tension, the tug of the dogs at the

harness and every icy rut along the trail, just in reading this.

Pearson, Kans.

Sirs:

This is one of the most absorbing accounts of sports participation I have read. If ever there was a case for someone finishing last to receive first prize, this is it. But being No. 1 Lady Musher is probably the greatest complement of all, after that ordeal!

PETER J. M. BARR

Toronto, Ont.

Sirs:

Virginia Kraft's adventure is still vivid in my mind. But where to now, since Roberta Bingley got to the Boston Marathon first? Please think up something quickly for those of us who admire Virginia's spirit and the grace with which she relates her experiences.

MARALYN GILLESPIE

Wallingford, Pa.

## GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

Sirs:

It will never replace duck hunting, but Bill Gilbert's article on hawk watching (*First from a Proud Stranger*, Jan. 16) is thrilling to an armchair ornithologist. My only regret is that you did not show a picture of his imperial golden eagle, although subsequent bird presentations in the same issue were a delightful eye-fall.

PALL C. WRIGHT

Denver

● See below.—E.D.

## GATE KINNERS

Sirs:

The Super Bowl was a super flop at the gate, which says something about the foot-

ball "fasc" on the West Coast in general and in Los Angeles in particular. Of course the blame for the poor turnout lies with the NFL and AFL for not finally settling on the Sugar Bowl in New Orleans as the site for the first world-championship game.

The Sugar Bowl would have been overflowing with true fans, just as it was when LSU met Tulane on Nov. 19. Where else but in Louisiana could two teams who were to end their season that night with 5-4-1 records draw more than 82,000 fans? Temporary bleachers had to be erected to accommodate this crowd, which was one of the largest ever to see a night football game in this country—and larger than the crowd that saw the Notre Dame-Michigan State game that same afternoon.

Despite the absence of a local team in the Super Bowl (which is the excuse given for L.A.'s poor support), the presence of Louisiana products Jim Taylor, Johnny Robinson, Willie Davis, Buck Buchanan and Max McCree would have been enough to assure a sellout in New Orleans. If you don't believe me, wait until next year and see the doomed-to-the-cellar Saints outdraw most established NFL franchises.

MICHAEL GRITTEH

Baton Rouge

Sirs:

Why are big sports events consistently played in Los Angeles? It is clear to me that L.A. is not a big-time football city. The Rams haven't played to a capacity crowd in years. The most publicized football game in history, the Super Bowl, failed to draw half as well as L.A. officials had promised. And the Pro Bowl, which would draw a capacity crowd in any other American city (including South Bend), drew only 15,000 in L.A.

The drawing card Los Angeles uses to get such games is the "beautiful" southern California weather. On the day of the Pro Bowl, however, a duck could have used the field as a pond. Meanwhile, Chicago had 51 sunny degrees and Cleveland had 59 of them.

WILLIAM D. BRUCHSA

Notre Dame, Ind.

## BEARDED TRADITION

Sirs:

I think it's time for someone to point out that the Boston Celtics are being buried a bit prematurely (*Sarge Takes Philly to the Top*, Jan. 21). The Philadelphia 76ers won the Eastern Division title a year ago, only to be beaten in the playoffs, with ridiculous ease, by the World Champion Celtics.

When the playoffs roll around this year,

continued



BILL GILBERT AND HIS GOLDEN EAGLE



# Why No.1 has to do something about Avis:



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**Watch out for the other guy!**

15TH HOLE *continued*

assuming the 76ers beat the Knicks, the men under Sarge's command will again have to face the greatest team in the history of professional sports. Coach Russell will be able to concentrate solely on Philly and on out-playing Wilt Sam and K. C. Jones will be able to go full tilt for the entire series instead of pacing themselves, as they do now. Then there are always John Havlicek and that Boston defense.

As for the old tradition of a bald coach and a bearded center winning the championship, how's this for a new one: a bearded center, a bearded coach and a bald, cigar-smoking general manager who gets thrown out of All-Star Games?

LARRY BROOKS

New York City

Sirs:

Frank Deford said in his article: "They could set a season's record, finish 10 games in front of the Celtics and again lose it all to the Celtic defense in the playoffs." I'm only sorry I won't be there to see it happen. Go Celtics!

1st LIEUT. RICHARD J. DOYLE, USMC  
An Hoa, Vietnam

**ANOTHER CHUCKER**

Sirs:

Down here in Argentina, my SPORTS ILLUSTRATED arrives about five or six weeks late. Therefore, I was caught completely off guard when I opened your December 5 issue and found Whitney Tower's fine article on the U.S.-Argentine polo matches, *A Live Trip* and *A Good Try*. My wife and I had the good fortune to attend the Cup of the Americas matches here in Buenos Aires and can attest to your writer's clear and accurate reporting. We crowded into our 500-peso (\$2) bleacher seats at the Palermo polo field and, although we are only new fans of the game, we knew we were seeing the world's best players. The Argentines have the best team in the world and deserved to win but, as Americans, we were extremely proud of the way our boys fought hard and almost won.

Mr. Tower, however, failed to mention what I think was one of the highlights of the series. It was the magnetism big Harold Barry had for the Argentine fans. During the first match Barry took a terrific spill from his pony and lay flat on his back for 10 minutes or more. The whole stadium was hushed, and when he finally arose and remounted he received a huge standing ovation as he rode the length of the field to change his mount. Thereafter, whenever he came near the bull the crowd roared and roundly applauded every move he made.

With players like Knox, Linfoot and the Barrys, the Cup may be ours before long.

WILLIAM F. SCHIRAGE

Buenos Aires

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